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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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RURALIZING.

BY CHAS. MORRIS.

When July his standard raises,
When hot August burns and blazes,
Loud we hear the country's praises
And the torrid city's woes;
And we leave our close stone cages
In all sorts of equipages,
Carts and coaches, steamers, stages,
Going where the green grass grows.

Vowing that the streets are horrid,
Weary of our houses torrid,
Longing long to cool our forehead
In some sunny sylvan scene,
Where no roar of commerce cometh,
Where no busy drummer drummeth,
Where no idle bummer bumeth,
Where the world is ever green!

I have tried this rural dodge, sir,
I have been a country lodger, sir,
With the rustiest old oddger
Ever mortal eye could see.
And I swear by hoo and harrow,
And I vow by bone and marrow,
I will be a city sparrow
In the summers yet to be.

Said this prime old freckled fairy:
"You will find our stationary
Washstand, ready, fresh and airy,
At the pump beside the ploughs."
And at table I did mutter:
"Unaccountable and utter
Death of decent bread and butter
At headquarters of the cows."

Things on wings and armed with stings, sir,
Tried my nerves from toe to finger,
But did mostly love to linger
Close about my handsome nose;
Busy bees, by far too busy,
Winged about me in a whizzy
Way that fairly made me dizzy,
Taking me, sir, for a rose.

Of the fishing much he prated,
But I deemed it overrated,
When for hours I had waited
Broiling, baking in the sun;
While the game anticipated
On the hook so neatly baited,
Twisted their tails and did not fated
To be captured for my fun.

Next I tried his splendid gunning;
But the game was far too cunning,
Flying, swimming, leaping, running,
At a most astounding pace.
I prefer to bag the pullet,
If but fat, and fair, and full it—
Brought down by a silver bullet
In the city market-place.

Here's your country on the wing, sir,
Bugs that bite and bugs that sting, sir,
Horses with the trick to fling, sir,
Cows that kick and lambs that butt.
Birds—that are not food for powder,
Fish—you can not serve in powder,
Women loud, and men still louder,
There's the country in a nut!

Out on all your charms bucolle!
I shall take my next year's frolic
Where folks never catch the colic
Eating fruit fresh from the tree,
But will try the city airy,
Where each rustic Kate and Mary
Brings the cream and butter dairy—
That's the summering for me!

Black Eyes and Blue;

OR,

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity.
A TALE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER I.

HIGH WORDS AND HARD.

Two girls formed the center of a group, all standing on the bridge which crossed Silver Creek at the entrance to the little village of Lycurgus, nestled among hills in a rural and romantic portion of the State of New Hampshire.

This was Saturday and these were the "Academy girls," who had taken advantage of the lovely, warm holiday, to improvise a strawberry-party. They had been ranging the hills and meadows all the long, sunny afternoon, and were now on their way home. Loitering on the bridge, some unpleasant words had been exchanged between Florence Goldsborough and Violet Vernon, for which Florence, as usual, was to blame.

It seemed the inevitable destiny of those two girls to be rivals in everything. Yet Violet would never have felt any consciousness of rivalry, had not Florence perpetually exhibited a petty jealousy that was painful to the object.

Perhaps the two looked all the handsomer for the excitement which flashed in their eyes and burned on their cheeks, as the sun, sinking behind the low mountains, touched their bright young heads with a hand of gold, gently, as if reproving them. School girls, of sixteen summers, they were. Altogether the prettiest of the flock, and already acknowledged the coming belles of the village.

Florence had hair so black that it took a purple tinge in the sun, and hung down to her waist in crisp waves. Her figure was slight and peculiarly graceful, even at that "unformed" age; her complexion was a smooth, dazzling olive, with little threads of scarlet showing in the cheeks; her eyes were deep, dark and lustrous, and could be as soft and bewitching as ever a girl's eyes were; though, at this moment of her introduction to the reader, they flashed fire. Her father being the richest man in the village, and she the only daughter, Florence was "a spoiled child," too used to having her own way.

Violet was a little taller than Florence; her skin was cool and fair, with a color in the cheeks and lips like that of the wild May rose which she held in her hand; the lashes over her dark-blue eyes were so long and thick that people often mistook the eyes for hazel; her pale-gold hair, as wavy in the sunlight as a



"I mean," she said, with the intense distinctiveness of scorn, "that no one ever knew who your parents are."

field of ripe wheat, was so burdensome in length and quantity that she had braided it half-way down in a thick braid, leaving the ends to burst out below the blue ribbon in a thousand shining ripples. She had on her sweet face, at that instant, an offended expression, and the wild-rose flush on her cheeks deepened and deepened; but she had none of the angry, wicked fire in her eyes which flashed from Florence Goldsborough's.

"At least, I know who my parents are, and that they are respectable people!" Florence was saying, with a spiteful smile.
"And do not!" Violet rejoined, hastily. "My father may not be quite as rich as yours, but he is as much respected. As to my poor mamma—she died when I was born—and it is shameful of you to refer to the dead."
"Wait till I know she is dead!" was the scornful rejoinder.

"What do you mean?" asked Violet, opening her eyes very wide, her lip trembling as if she would have said more but could not.
"Oh, hush!" Florence, you ought not, really!" "For shame!" interfered several of their companions as the fiery brunette began her answer; but Florence was in one of her passions, during which to expostulate with her did as much good as to combat a whirlwind with a feather.

"I mean," she said, deliberately, with the intense distinctiveness of scorn, "that no one ever knew who your parents are. Mr. Vernon is not your father. He is not even a relative. He fished you out of this very creek that is running under our feet this minute, a little half-drowned waif, about six months old. He was sitting just beyond that turn, there, behind a clump of bushes, fishing, when you came sailing and bobbing past, in your long white clothes, and so fished you out, instead of a trout. Some person dropped you in the water by the bridge, but, by the time Mr. Vernon had you out, and had got the breath back in your strangled body, and ran up the path to see who had done the deed, the one who did it had escaped. I've heard my parents tell the whole story many a time—and Mr. Vernon, whose young wife and baby had died but a few months before, concluded to keep you and bring you up. Of course, we don't know what kind of a mother you had, but the inference from her probable attempt to murder her own child is 'that she is not a mother you would want to know.'"

By the time that Miss Goldsborough had finished her cruel story, the delicate, wild-rose color had died out of her rival's cheeks and the great blue eyes were regarding her with a horrified look.

"Is this true?" Violet asked, with a pitiable tremble of the mouth, looking around upon the startled group whose silence gave consent.
"Why did no one ever tell me before?" she asked again; and then began to walk away as fast as her quivering feet would carry her.

"Don't go, dear Violet!" "It was a burning shame of Florence to tell you." "You know it makes no difference to us!" were some of the exclamations which followed her, and two or three of the girls ran after her, and would have walked by her side, but Violet fled like a fawn who has heard the hunter, until outstripping the pace of the others, she found herself alone, going rapidly along the path beside the stream, while her companions took the road and sauntered on into the village.

Violet had but just gotten out of sight of the others, and was still flying along as if pursued, when she was met by a young man, with a fish-

ing-rod on his shoulder, and a string of trout in one hand.

"Why, Miss Violet, what is the matter?" he asked, putting out his disengaged right hand to arrest her flight, and darting a keen look forward, as if he expected to see a mad dog, at the least, in pursuit.

"Nothing, nothing, Charlie! Let me go!" "But you are as pale as death. Something is the matter, I know. If you are in any trouble you might tell me, I'm sure!" Violet burst into tears.

"There! I know something was wrong. And you won't tell me!" reproachfully. "Has any one dared to insult you, Miss Vernon?" asked the young gentleman, looking wrathfully up and down the path. "The he, I'll kill him!" "No, no; oh, no! It is something Florence Goldsborough said to me, Charlie. I am foolish to cry about it," and the girl sobbed more violently than before. Charlie then threw down the rod, laid his trout in the grass, and getting hold of one of Violet's faintly-resisting hands drew her down to a seat beside him, on a moss-grown log near the path.

"Tell me all about it," he said, caressingly.

"I can not. I never can tell you! Oh, it was something dreadful, Charlie!" and the pink lips quivered, and the dark-blue eyes flashed for an instant through their showers of tears.

The young man immediately guessed what it was, for he was quite familiar with poor Violet's history; and he felt extremely vexed with Florence, knowing how assiduously Mr. Vernon had endeavored to keep from his adopted child the dubious story of her first appearance amid the gossips of Lycurgus. But he would not hint to the weeping girl by his side that he was aware of what had so wounded her; he patted her little hand gently, and, after a few minutes, drew out his white cambric handkerchief and made a half-comical attempt to wipe the glittering drops from the roses on her cheeks.

Violet laughed at this, hysterically; broke down into a dozen little sobs, rallied, brushed off her own tears this time, and finally looked, very forlornly, and very defiantly, straight before her at the golden streaks in the western sky.

Her companion sat quietly waiting for her to recover her composure, occasionally stealing a sidelong glance of admiration at the beautiful face which, despite the stain of tears on the flushed cheeks, looked all the more lovable for the storm which had passed over it—the tremble of the rose-bud mouth, the droop of the long lashes, the fire and dew in the sorrowful, resolute eyes.

Finally, seeing that she had grown comparatively calm, Charlie said: "I was going to your house to give the trout to Chloe, for Mr. Vernon's supper. I am afraid we shall be too late for that—but they will keep for his breakfast."

Violet rose instantly.
"Yes, it is time I was home. Papa will be uneasy about me. I don't want him to see that I have been crying, Charlie. He would ask me about it, and I could not tell him. Oh, Charlie, I shall never be the happy, careless girl I have been!"

"Do not say that, Violet. I hope you will continue to be very, very happy. You have at least one friend who will try to make you so."

Violet blushed under the meaning look with which this was said, pulling her broad-brimmed hat a little lower over her charming face;

while Charlie picked up the string of "speckled beauties" and the fishing-rod, and the two set off at a quick pace on their return to the bridge, from whence they took the road leading into the village, and were soon passing along a pretty street, with elms on either side, and neat, vine-decked houses, standing back a little, with grass-plots and flower-beds in front.

Charles Clarence Ward was a law-student in Mr. Vernon's office—the only one the lawyer cared to take. Mr. Vernon was considered the ablest pleader and most thorough scholar in the county; once he had done a fine amount of business and promised to grow speedily rich, but Lycurgus, like so many New England towns, first came to a stand-still in its growth and then receded; so that to-day, and in the very prime of his powers, the lawyer found himself with far less to do than in the beginning of his career. He had a lovely home, and enjoyed every comfort; but his income was very moderate, and he had some ambitions for Violet which rendered him anxious to increase it.

Young Ward was the son of an old friend living in a neighboring town; he was a college-graduate, his father had a good deal of money, he was very good-looking, had something of a Bostonian air about him, brought with him from Cambridge fine prospects, fine health and fine spirits; altogether he was the young gentleman of Lycurgus, and the young ladies were all sad when he went home on his vacation.

He did not board with Mr. Vernon, but had a standing invitation to take his Sunday dinner and tea with him, which he generally made use of. He was very fond of Violet—but whether only in a brotherly way, or a more tender one, was what the girls of Lycurgus would have liked to know.

Now, then, you have the secret of Florence Goldsborough's jealousy. It was not enough that Violet should win the prizes at school, and sing the sweetest in the choir, but she must set up claims to the undivided attentions of the only fellow in the village worth having. Florence never saw Violet and Charlie together—which was pretty often—that she did not feel a bitter heart-burning, not free from malice.

Mr. Goldsborough was the owner of the Lycurgus bank; believed to be wealthy, and owner of the only house in the place built in the modern style, with Mansard roof, and painted brown, and having a tower.

Florence had reached home half an hour before Charlie and Violet went quickly by, and was standing at the parlor-window, feeling ashamed of what she had said, and wishing she could take back her words; but when she saw those two go by together, she pressed her little white teeth into her scarlet under lip, and was no longer sorry.

"I wonder what he can see in her—a tall, gawky creature, as washed-out as a last summer's muslin!"

She looked after them with scornful eyes, as far as she could see them; then ran over to the great mirror at the back of the double parlor, to take a long look at her own elegant little figure, and dark, glowing face, with its small features and velvety-black eyes.

"I hate blondes!" she muttered to herself. "I am twice as handsome as she is, any day! Charlie Ward would not care for her if she was not forever hanging around him. He has an errand to the house every day, and is there every Sunday—of course, she makes the most of her opportunities! Never mind, Miss Violet! you won't have your own way altogether, if

you do have the advantage of me! I'll never rest until I make a quarrel between you and Mr. Ward."

The great, velvety eyes had a wicked laugh in them, as she turned away from the flattering mirror. Florence was not a very bad person, generally; but she had strong, vivid feeling; and her selfishness and vanity had been fostered by indulgent relatives, who thought there never was another child like her. Never having been taught the hard lesson of self-control, she naturally gave way to whatever passion was aroused for the moment. She was growing into a woman, now; and was sometimes surprised at herself, when she found how impetuous, how even dangerous some of her fits of impulse and feeling were. If any one had a dress, or a jewel, surpassing her own, she was unhappy; if any one of her young companions was admired, or addressed with deference, she was jealous and invidious; all her feelings were proportionately strong and unreasoning; so that it would not take a prophet to foretell that much wretchedness, for herself and for others, lay close in the future.

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

WHEN Violet reached home, after that unfortunate strawberry excursion, it was so near twilight that Mr. Vernon did not notice the traces of tears on his darling's face. Indeed, his own thoughts were preoccupied. Tea was waiting, and the trout was deferred to breakfast; for, as aunt Chloe said, "Ef dar was one ting wuz'n amadder to keep arter it was ready to come out de oven, dat ting wuz Sally Lunn."

"You mus' walk right in de dinin' room, honey, an' you, Massa Ward, an' done set right down, an' I'll bring in de Sally Lunn dis instum. Massa Vernon he in dar, now, a-readin' of his paper by de window."

"Since you hurry me so, Chloe, I must wash my hands in your kitchen. Will you follow suit, Charlie?"

Aunt Chloe produced a snowy towel from a dresser-drawer, and "de children," as she called them, pumped water on each other's hands, and had such a merry time of it, that Violet had almost forgotten her heavy heart, when they passed on into the dining room; but the first sight of her father called it back. Young Ward thought it very pleasant at Mr. Vernon's tea-table that evening; he did ample justice to the repast, for he had been fishing, and caught an appetite. A light breeze brought the odor of a thousand roses through the open windows, and the light of the lamps shone cheerfully over the polished silver and quaint old china.

He stole many a sly look at Violet, whose sweet face wore a most touching trace of sadness; yet was lovelier than usual with the soft flush on the cheeks and the wistful look in the eyes. When with Violet, Charlie always knew that he preferred her in his heart of hearts; but when he came into the witching presence of Florence Goldsborough he was sometimes tempted to believe that she was his favorite. The little brunette was irresistible when she made an effort to please, and there was no dark mystery surrounding her origin—and Charlie had a good degree of family pride. To-night he pitied and loved Violet; who, poor child, worshipped the ground he trod upon, without in the least understanding her own feelings, or ever having questioned them.

Mr. Vernon was pleasant, during tea, but seemed pre-occupied. When the meal was over the young people went into the parlor for some music, while he returned to the library to read his magazine. Charlie stayed only about an hour longer—just for a few songs—returning to the office for a little more reading of the law, before bed-time. After he had gone away, Violet—having mused a few moments over what she was about to venture—with a slow step and a drooping head, went toward the library, which lay on the other side of the hall, opposite the parlor. She stood in the door, hesitating. Her father had laid aside his book, and was reading and re-reading a letter. He sighed deeply, more than once; and after he had finally folded and returned it to a safe place in his pocket note-book, he leaned his head on his hand, and appeared lost in thought.

Violet supposed it must be about the new boarders.

"Poor papa!" she thought to herself, "he does not like the idea of these intruders any more than I do. I wonder why he takes them! I thought his income was quite sufficient for our modest needs."

Again Mr. Vernon sighed, while his head sunk lower.

"Papa is in sore trouble to-night. But I must speak to him! I cannot lay my head on my pillow until I know whether or not that was an infamous falsehood which Florence told me to-day."

She crept into the room so hesitatingly that at the last she might have retreated, but in her embarrassment she stumbled over a foot-stool, causing Mr. Vernon to start, and look around.

In an instant, acting upon impulse, she sunk down on the carpet at his feet, caught one of his hands, and resting her soft cheek on his knee, looked up piteously into his face.

"Father, is it true, this thing the girls tell me—that I am not your child?"

"Who has told you this?" was the stern inquiry.

"Oh, papa, is it true? Only answer me that."

Mr. Vernon leaned back in his chair with the air of one to whom a crisis, long dreaded, has come at last—bringing with it, after all, a certain relief, that the worst is over. He looked down very tenderly at the pleading, pallid

young face, and his hand, trembling a little, touched caressingly the lovely pale-gold hair.

"Supposing my little daughter was only an adopted daughter, would she be any the less my child on that account? Would she be any the less contented and happy? Have I failed in anything, little Violet, that a father should do or be, to make you discontented, now that some meddler has informed you of my misfortune in not being really your father? Remember, if it is a regret to you, it is a still greater regret to me. I only wish the blood in my veins did flow in yours, my darling!"

"Ah, how good you are, dear, dear papa!" sobbed Violet. "A thousand, thousand times more to be loved and worshipped by me, to whom you have been so loving and so indulgent, than as if I had some claim to your affection. Do not think that I am discontented—or will be—dear father; only—only—the girls said such cruel, hateful things! Oh, you even said, dear papa, that it was believed my own true mother was a murderer!" Violet pressed her hand to her heart, as if she felt the sharp thrust of those wicked words again piercing like a sword.

A dark frown gathered on Mr. Vernon's usually benevolent face. He sat for a few moments in silent thought, his hand, meantime, gently stroking the bright hair that streamed over his knee.

Finally he aroused himself, and lifting the sweet, sad face between his hands, and earnestly scrutinizing it, he asked:

"Now that those malicious things have been said, and my little girl knows the worst, does she feel that she will be any more contented, or better satisfied, to know the whole truth about herself—be it good or bad, remember!—the plain truth, whatever it may prove to be, and whatever the consequences of the knowledge may be to me and to her?"

"Why, papa, do you know the truth?"

"Answer me, first. Would you prefer to remain just as you now are, or to learn all that can be learned about your origin?"

It was now Violet's turn to take time for reflection. It was fully five minutes before her answer came:

"Papa, after what has been said to me—after what I know is in every one's mind about me—I don't believe that I can ever again rest really content until I have found out more about my parentage, you understand—that it is not because of our relations to one another—yours and mine—but because people will always regard me in a certain light. Yes! I am certain I would prefer to hear the truth—however bad—than to be always brooding over possibilities. The worst—the very worst—can be no more bad than they make it out to be. Now, tell me, papa, have you learned anything at all about me since that day when you fished me out of the water?"

"Nothing," was the disappointing answer. "As far as I am concerned it can only be painful to me to take any steps to learn anything. I have always regarded you as a sweet and special gift of the Heavenly Father, to console me, in some measure, for the loss of my own darlings."

"Oh, papa, then I am content, too! Forget what I said a moment ago."

"No, no, my dear. Your head spoke then, not your heart. I feel that it will be as you say—you will be gnawed by secret suspense, by hope and fear—shadowed by an undesired sense of shame. I wish to Heaven, my child, that I had it in my power to furnish you the information you crave! But I cannot—and all the advice I can give you, is to be brave and good, and to think as little as possible about the matter."

He kissed her even more tenderly than usual, as he dismissed her for the night. After she had crept from the room, he looked once more over the letter he held in his hand.

"How strange—how passing strange it would be," he murmured—"if this should prove to relate to something or some one connected with my little Violet's history! But, pshaw! how idle is such a thought! I do not see why it should have come into my head—or why it should linger there, as it does. I have had letters from unknown clients before this."

CHAPTER III.

WHAT AN EAVESDROPPER OVERHEARS.

VIOLET VERNON did not sing in church the following day; and Florence, who, by this time, was heartily ashamed of the attack she had made upon her, had no rival in the choir. On Monday Florence actually humbled herself to write and send an apology—partly because she was very sorry and partly because she feared Charlie Ward would be offended with her. It was inconvenient not to be able to visit at Mr. Vernon's, where Charlie spent so much of his time.

On the evening of Monday she strolled out toward the bridge alone, just after sunset. Of summer dusk the bridge was much frequented by young and old; she hoped to meet Mr. Ward there, and perhaps "make up" with Violet, who had answered her note very sweetly and courteously, but a little while—it was no one on the bridge, however, when she reached it. She resolved to wait a little while—it was dull at home, and the summer evening tempting. Dusk came slowly on; but the western sky was still streaked with scarlet and gold, the zenith was a lovely purple, and the birds chirped as one by one they dropped into their nests.

She leaned over the railing, thinking of nothing in particular, amusing herself by dropping the petals from a bunch of roses which she held into the creek below and watching them as they were swept away, while she vaguely wished that Charlie Ward, at least, would chance that way.

Presently it grew quite dark, but Florence was not afraid. In that village it was considered not at all improper for young girls to run about alone; the moon was just wheeling up, a great golden globe, in the east; it was dull and stupid in the house—doubtless some one would soon happen along—and so she lingered on the bridge. She was standing quite in the shadow of a huge old chestnut that grew at one extremity of the bridge. A thousand times, when she was a romping child, had she, with her playmates, climbed that tree, by swinging on to the railing and from thence achieving a foothold on the first great branch which hung out over the stream.

Now, as she stood there, herself in shadow, but the road silvered by the increasing moonlight, whom should she see slowly approaching but her own father!—and with him a lady—a strange lady—whose presence, dress, manner, all aroused her strongest curiosity. Why should her father be walking at evening with this beautiful and richly-dressed woman? Florence's home-training had never been of the noblest; she was capable of unladylike actions, as we have seen. She thought of her old perch in the leafy boughs above her head; quickly as a squirrel could have done it, and as lightly, she sprang to the railing and from thence into the

crotch made by the dividing trunk, and in a minute was snugly seated where she could see all that passed without herself being visible.

The couple came slowly on until they reached the middle of the bridge; here they paused, looking in every direction as if to be sure that they were secure from observation. Neither spoke for a moment. The lady drew a tiny watch from her bosom—Florence saw the moonlight sparkling on the diamonds which encircled it—and said, in a low, slow, cold, but exceedingly sweet voice:

"It is eight o'clock. I expected Mr. Vernon to meet us here at this hour."

"Vernon!" exclaimed Mr. Goldsborough, starting as if struck.

"Yes. He is my lawyer. He must hear all that passes between us two."

"Emilie, must I be humiliated by having a third person present at this interview?" Florence had never before heard her father speak in a tone of such passionate agitation. She was thoroughly alarmed at her own position, and would gladly have gotten out of it; but it was too late! She was more afraid to betray her presence than to remain concealed.

The lady untied the ribbons of her hat and removed it from her head as if the strings choked her; but she looked as calm as marble. Florence could see every feature of her pale, cold face, for she stood with the moon full upon it. It was the face of a woman no longer young, but still wonderfully beautiful, with a delicate, high-bred charm so rare in any part of the world. She spoke with a slight foreign accent; her features, her dress, had the same foreign air. Florence was fascinated; she could not remove her eager gaze from the stranger.

Who was this lovely lady, who seemed to her girlish imagination like one of those fair, proud countesses or duchesses of whom she had read in novels—whose small fingers flashed with jeweled rings and who wore at her throat a cluster of superb diamonds—whose gems, silks and lace seemed so native to her that she thought no more of them than the factory girl does of her cotton gown.

"Emilie! Emilie!" pleaded this man whom Florence called her father, but who seemed suddenly to have been transformed into another and quite different person, "I did not expect this of you. I thought, from the tenor of your note, that I was to see you alone."

"I should be wanting in ordinary prudence to meet you alone, Ethan," replied the lady, glancing toward the village, from which direction another person could now be seen approaching. "The last time I met you alone, you made a nearly successful attempt to murder me—and our child! The temptation is probably not less upon you now; but I do not propose to give you the opportunity. My lawyer must be witness to all that passes between us, this time. Here he comes."

The florid face of the banker turned a sickly yellow. Florence was so absorbed, so horrified, so filled with wonder, dread, suspense, that she leaned forward until the branch shook and rustled, and her own dark, startled, vivid face might have been seen peering out of its leafy screen, had any of the trio below chanced to look up—Mr. Vernon had now joined the group.

"Sir," said the lady to him, "I told you a part of my story this morning. I want you to hear what I have to say to this man—my husband, who has come to meet me at my request. Ethan Goldsborough—turning to him and speaking in those slow, low, solemn tones that carried an icy conviction in their every accent—"

"—if it not unfrequently happens, in this world, that men, scoundrels at heart and vile of deed, wear the mask so well that for years their friends and neighbors never once see the Mevillephilean face behind it. You have worn your mask in comfort and security; you are a leading citizen, a deacon of the church, a man who heads subscription-lists, a man severe and pitiless toward sinners—especially poor sinners—a man eminently respectable. The time has come—after sixteen years of patient waiting—when the woman—your own wife—whom you have so wronged, proposes to lift the mask from your features and allow your fellow-citizens to see you as you are. You cannot escape the exposure which threatens you. I have the proof of everything which I assert, in the shape of legal documents—except the attempt at willful murder, and that I can so nearly prove by circumstantial evidence that the fact will not be doubted, when taken in connection with the main story."

"Spare me, Emilie, spare me!" groaned the banker, abjectly. "Let this matter rest between us three, as it does now. What satisfaction can it be to you to ruin me—now, at my time of life—a man in his forties—with a grown-up daughter! Spare me, for her sake—my child's sake! I used to think you loved me once, dear Emilie—you are too fine a woman to betray such a low spirit of revenge! You are rich, comfortable, contented—far richer and more prosperous than I am. Oh, let me alone! Everything conspires to bless you. Your child is living—has grown up into a sweet, good, ladylike girl. Take her away with you—and leave me as I am. I have worked hard for my place here. Indeed, indeed, I have bitterly repented the injury I did you, Emilie, when I was young and inconsiderate. I have been living a pious life since those days. Do not be revengeful. Remember the old times, Emilie," he added, with an attempt to simulate tenderness which made Mr. Vernon blush for him.

The lady looked scornfully over him and into his evasive eyes, which fell before her clear, fiery glance.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried, as if to herself, "and I once loved this man! Adored the ground his foot spurned! hung upon his words as wretched when he frowned—in heaven when he smiled! Ah-h! but young demoiselles are fools—fools! But I loved you, as you say, in those days, Ethan Goldsborough—loved you well—when I consented to a private marriage—to become your wife in secret and keep our relation hidden from the kind eyes of my only true friend, my dear uncle. You believed me to be an heiress to those days, and you wanted to secure my hand and my inheritance in the large fortune and estates of the D'Eglantines. You made yourself certain, by private research, that I was the true heiress—though another contested my claim—and then you hastened to marry me secretly, out of pure love, as I, fond fool, believed. Well, I was very, very happy with you—despite the gnawing uneasiness of feeling that my uncle should know all—for almost a year, Ethan! Why, what a child I was! Only a little over sixteen at last, when the cruel blow fell! The cruel, cruel blow that forever deprived me of faith in man, of hope, of happiness! My cousin Philip was pronounced the true heir, by the voice of the courts, and you were disappointed. You lost the stakes for which you had played so cunningly. In less than one week you were on your way back to America, your native country, after a brief interview with me—your wife—in which you heartlessly assured me that the marriage between us was not a legal one, and you would not hold me to it."

"Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! What did I not suffer during the year that followed!"—she clasped her hands, turning her pale face upward—"it is incredible that the human heart can bear such trouble and still beat on. You knew—villain! scoundrel!—before you left me—me, a poor, young, timid creature—that some time I would be a mother. You knew that I was your true and honorable wife. Yet you left me to bear the burden of sorrow and shame. I could not prove the story I told my uncle, for I could not tell him on what street was the church, nor who was the priest. He was very fond of me; but he doubted my word—every one doubted the word of poor Emilie in those days. My uncle sent me to the sheltering arms of the sisters. In their dull home the weary months dragged by, till our child was born. As soon as I could sit up, I began to embroider, and to sell my work for such small sums as it would bring. When our babe was three months old I escaped from the convent. I had a little jewelry with me, which I disposed of, and made my way to Havre, where a steamer was about to leave for New York."

"Worn with illness of mind and body, almost wild with despair, but kept from suicide by a fixed determination to prove my poor, innocent infant's rights to its father's name and care, I landed in the great American city, a stranger, friendless, and nearly destitute of money."

"I learned afterward how my husband had, meantime, been amusing himself. He had lost no time. On his way home to America he had made the acquaintance of another heiress, the daughter of a New York speculator in petroleum—a coarse-grained, ill-educated girl, with a certain sort of vulgar beauty—and this lady he had married within a month after their arrival in New York. Her father gave her a few thousand dollars, and her pretended husband—driven by the fear that his real wife might possibly take a fancy to follow him—persuaded her to come with him to this out-of-the-way New England town, where her wedding-portion enabled him to set up a banking-house and assume his natural position of eminent respectability!"

"Here he hoped to enjoy his well-earned peace; but the meek, quiet, timid little wife, afraid of her own shadow, was unaccountably bold enough to trace and follow him; she, and her babe, appeared before him, one evening, in a startling manner."

"Do not grieve so, now, Ethan—that was sixteen years ago! But you recall it all. Look at him, Mr. Vernon! Do you see his hand tremble, his lips turn white? No wonder! It is unpleasant to force his memory back to that time. I ought to spare him. God knows, as far as I am alone concerned, I would freely do it. But justice bids me speak. My child cries to me, forbidding silence. A guilty man, with the crime of attempted murder on your soul, I would spare you. But it must not be. As a wife and a mother I must assert my rights."

"I surprised him under the shadow of his own vine and fig-tree. In his dread of discovery, he told me a thousand lies, ending by appointing a meeting with me on the afternoon of the following day, in a lonely part of the woods not far above the bridge on which we stand. He swore to me that if I would meet him there, and talk over our affairs calmly, he would acknowledge me as his first and true wife, and return with me to France to assure my uncle of my innocence. Despite of the dreadful wrong he had done me, I still loved Ethan Goldsborough, and craved a reconciliation."

"He met me, in the lonely, hidden place in the woods which he had appointed. I held up to him our smiling babe, that should have touched the heart and the conscience of a demon."

"The place of our meeting was near the ruins of an old mill. Only the wheel and a few timbers remained; but the dam across the stream was there, and the pond above the dam was deep and still. He took our child in his arms, and while I looked for him to caress it, suddenly, with a furious gesture, he whirled it far out and it dropped into the water of the pond. Then the cry which arose to my lips was choked in my throat—and I knew no more—for some time. I know, by the gleam in your eyes and the working of your lips, Ethan, that you are only wishing that your plan had not failed. But it did fail—despite of the which you tied to my feet before you threw me after my babe, all unconscious as I was, with the black marks of your wicked fingers about my throat!"

"Doubtless you hurried away after the hideous deed, creeping back to town by devious ways, to resume your part of 'leading citizen.' The swiftness of the current swept me against the walls of the dam, and my poor feet became entangled in the timbers; the cold bath restored my senses, and I found myself being dashed back and forth, my stone-laden feet caught and held, but my face floating, and a jutting end of a sluice-board within reach of my arms. I seized the board and clung to it. I could quite easily have crawled out had it not been for the stone tied to my ankles. As it was, I succeeded, after exhausting struggles, in freeing my feet from the burden—I think the cord broke. After that it was not so hard to reach the timbers, and to make my way, inch by inch, back to the bank, over the moss-grown, slippery dam, covered six inches deep by swiftly-passing water. It was sunset when I reached the solid earth. I fainted, and when I again became conscious it was dark."

"I told you the particulars of the remainder of the story this morning, Mr. Vernon—how I crept back into the village, listened, crawled, hid, like some guilty thing, until I heard of the safety of my child, and then went back into the woods to sleep. How I hung about the town for days, never allowing myself to be seen, and living on the berries which I gathered in the fields, trying to make up my mind to leave my babe with the kind gentleman who had concluded to adopt it. I was at your kitchen window, several evenings, Mr. Vernon, and heard the colored woman telling various neighbors what you proposed to do for the little waif; I felt that you could care for her better than I could, and I finally left the country, resolved that Ethan Goldsborough should believe he had murdered me, until I could, sooner or later, return armed with such authority as would place him in my power, and restore my daughter to her rights. That time has been long—long, in coming. I have endured years of hope deferred. More than once, meantime, have I stolen under cover of the night, into this village, and feasted my famished eyes on stolen glimpses of my child. For the last five years, however, I have been in France, fighting again over the contested heirship. At last, I have triumphed—not alone in securing the estates, which belonged from the first rightly to me, but I visited every church in Paris, I made the acquaintance of every priest—and I found the church where my marriage was recorded, and I have the evidence of the priest who performed the ceremony, and of the clerk—and I have come here, at last, as your wife, Ethan Goldsborough, to rout the spurious wife from her title, and to take the crown of legitimacy from the brow of her

daughter to place it on that of Violet Goldsborough's—where it belongs."

Florence, hidden in the tree above, heard the terrible words; she clung convulsively to the limb on which she was seated, but she shivered so, and was so icy cold, that she expected, every moment, to lose her hold, and go crashing down into the stream.

"Ah! what wild, incredible story was this! How completely were the tables turned upon her, who had twitted Violet of her doubtful origin! Her heart swelled and knotted itself in her panting bosom until it seemed as if she should die."

Florence was extremely vain and ambitious. She had that same eager desire to be foremost—a leader—which had betrayed her father into crime. She had always been courted by the other girls; and was rather imperiously proud of her father's position in the village. The sudden ruin and disgrace which threatened him pierced to her very soul.

"Violet—my sister!" she thought, growing dizzy; but, with a violent effort she steadied herself and listened with intense interest and terror to what followed.

"You ought to remember, Emilie, that my wife is not to blame for anything which has happened," pleaded the father, in trembling tones. "You ought to have some mercy upon her! And on my daughter, too. As a mother you ought to sympathize with that poor child. Think of the blow it will be to her!"

"I think only of my own child," was the cold response. "My first duty is to her."

"It does come hard upon poor little Florence," said the kind voice of Mr. Vernon. "I have always liked the child—a merry, bright little maiden, as ever was. Madam, I wish there was some way to spare her feelings."

"I can think of but one, Mr. Vernon. I have no wish to be revengeful. The wrong that was done me was of a kind not to be repaired in this world—least of all by a harsh revenge. I would like to spare even the unfortunate lady who has so long believed herself this man's wife. As to their daughter, if I could help it, she should never learn how bad a man her father is. But my daughter's legitimacy must be established. I shall see that it is left with no shadow of a doubt upon it."

"I am willing to make this compromise. I would like to spend a few weeks in this village for my health. I will remain quietly at the hotel. Meantime, Mr. Goldsborough, if he desires, can close up his business and seek a new residence, and the denouement need not come until his family are removed and provided for. I take it for granted that the lady will desire to leave here, and that her daughter will go with the mother. Mr. Goldsborough must make liberal provision for them, which you must see, Mr. Vernon, is so secured to them that he cannot afterward trick them out of it."

"I further propose to very quietly seek a divorce from the husband who so many years ago deserted me; and then, of course, if Mr. Goldsborough desires to make the *amende honorable*, he will at once re-marry the lady who now deems herself his wife."

"Indeed, I might so arrange the divorce that the public need not know the truth, until this man was free to ratify his present marriage. When does the court of this county set, Mr. Vernon?"

"In August, madam."

"Very well. I promise to say nothing, in public, until about that time; but I shall acquaint some other party with the facts, so that my daughter will be protected, in case you and I should die suddenly," Mr. Vernon, and the lady shot a meaning glance at the banker, who bit his lips but said nothing in defense of himself. "Also, I must make my sweet girl's acquaintance. Every hour is an age that keeps me from her, now that I am so near her. You may trust me not to betray to her that I am her mother, until the time is ripe. But I can feed my hungry heart on her looks and words—"

"And that is where my loss begins," said the lawyer, sadly.

Madame looked at him a moment inquiringly—the tears rushed out over her pale cheeks and her mouth trembled.

"Ah," she murmured, feelingly, "I am selfish—I forgot you, who have been a father and mother to my darling. The saints will reward you! God himself will not forget your good deeds. Think not that I will tear her from you at once. No, no! we will loosen the roots by degrees—I will stay here, in this far village, so that she can be near you—something! We will talk it over. You have the right to decide what we shall do. We will do nothing without your consent!" and she laid one small hand on his arm and looked up at him gratefully, so smilingly through her tears, that the sedate lawyer hardly knew whether he was most pleased or embarrassed.

"Will you tell my lawyer, in the morning, what conclusion you have come to? I do not propose to have another personal interview with you, sir," the lady then said to the banker.

Mr. Goldsborough nodded, unable to speak, and she took Mr. Vernon's arm and walked away.

For perhaps ten minutes the ruined man-of-the-world stood motionless where they had left him; then a sound, half-moan, half-curse, broke from his lips, and he stalked away, while his daughter crept from the old chestnut tree and dragged herself wearily home like a bird with a broken wing.

(To be continued.)

HORTATION.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

Reach forth thy hand to God—
So art thou safe in storms;
Hold ever fast to God—
So all sin's ugly forms
From thee shall disappear.
Climb up unto the skies:
God's ladder cannot fail!
Climb up, for Paradise
The home of those most dear,
Awaits His climbers all!

OLD DAN RACKBACK,

The Great Exterminator:

THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAHO TOM,"
"DAKOTA DAN," "OLD HURRICANE,"
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

KIT BANDY'S FLIGHT—KIT BANDY'S PROTEGE.

BRISKLY away through the lonely night ambled Kit Bandy on the outlaw's horse.

Silently and impatiently Prairie Paul and his men awaited the old man's return from the ford; but when two hours had passed and he came not, something of the truth began to dawn upon their minds. But by the time they had

discovered the absence of the captain's horse, Kit was miles from the river.

Soon after setting out upon his flight, Bandy conceived a hope of overtaking Idaho Tom and party; but in this he was disappointed. He could not find their trail, nor could he have followed it in the darkness, had he even known where it was. So he finally gave up the pursuit, dismounted, and throwing himself under a tree, slept till morning dawned.

The first thing he did, as soon as it was light enough, was to examine the packs strapped to the outlaw's saddle. He found a blanket, some provision, a flask of brandy and a suit of clothes, including coat, pants and cap. The latter articles the captain had doubtless intended to use as soon as he was through with his Indian disguise at the ford.

Kit would have been glad to have donned the suit himself a few hours before, but now he had no need of it, as his own clothes were dry. However, he concluded to keep the entire outfit for future need, and mounting his steed continued on his way. About noon he reached the edge of the open plain, where he stopped for dinner. He succeeded in killing a fine buck, a portion of which he roasted for present and future need in crossing the great prairies of Dakota.

He entered the plain and rode leisurely on until near the middle of the afternoon, when he suddenly discovered that he was being pursued by a party of his late robber-friends.

"Horn of Joshua!" he exclaimed, aloud, to himself; "that won't never do. I can't lie myself away from 'em fellers this time—again; and to be overtaken by the boys will be death, sure pop. So now, old boss, I know your bottom, and if ever you done the fine thing by man, let it be now, right over this prairie."

He put the horse to its utmost speed and was soon doubling upon the enemy. He had struck the head-waters of a little stream, tributary to the Big Cheyenne river, and was now following along its course, which wound and twisted around among the bluffs and hills like a serpent. Here and there, little clumps of timber were interspersed along the stream. The first ahead was about three miles distant, and no sooner did Kit discover it than he made up his mind to dodge the enemy there if possible. He felt so confident of his ability to accomplish his purpose, that he turned and sent back a shout of defiance.

But, scarcely had the echoes of his voice died upon the air, ere his horse stepped into a gopher-mound, and stumbling, almost fell. When it recovered, Kit found that it had been seriously lamed, and his chances of escape reduced to one in twenty. Feeling in hopes, however, that its lameness was only temporary, Kit kept the animal hobbling on until he reached the center of the grove, when he drew rein to consider the next best course for him to pursue.

The enemy was at least two and a half miles behind, and as he had plenty of time, he dismounted to look into the nature and extent of his horse's injuries, while studying over his course. He found its leg already swelling from the effect of a sprained hock, and in another hour he believed it would be past going at all.

"A bad case, and a bad situation," muttered Kit, with a look of disappointment.

Then the horse pricked up its ears and started back with alacrity.

Kit Bandy gazed wildly around him, and to his astonishment beheld the form of a young girl, or woman, emerge from a thicket of undergrowth, and advance toward him with a slow, cautious step.

Had a thunderbolt rent the heavens, Kit would not have been more astonished than he was at sight of the girl there alone in that great solitude. She was young and handsome—possibly not over nineteen years of age. Her features were clear-cut and possessed of more than ordinary womanly beauty. Her eyes were of a soft blue, and her hair a dark brown color.

Her face wore a pale, half-terrified expression, and her eyes looked wild and innocent as a startled fawn's as she approached Kit. She seemed to be in doubt as to whether she was approaching a friend or foe, yet driven by desperation to seek some relief from her destitute condition.

Kit was the first to speak.

"Who in the name of the great and adorable mercy be you, anyway?" he exclaimed.

"A fugitive, half-starved, half-chilled and half-dead," replied the girl, in tones of deep distress.

"Three halves that makes, but still you ar'n't dead," responded Kit; "but, what in the plague are you doin' here—who are you fleeing from?"

"Everybody but friends: robbers and Indians and wild beasts in particular," she answered, stopping before him. "I was kidnapped from my home at the settlement of Mennovalle, several days ago, put into a wagon with an old negress and carried away upon the prairie. Last night I was liberated by some one, I know not whom. It was dark, and I could not see him, and the moment he assisted me from the wagon, he and his companion got into a fight with the robbers, and in a moment of terror I fled away into the night and became lost on the plain. I wandered around all night and day, and aside from a few Indians, you are the first human I have seen. And I am not certain now that I have met a friend."

"You can rest easy onto that, little one," Kit said, assuringly; "I'll die for you; that's my nature out and out. But you didn't tell me your name."

"Christie Dorne."

"Dorne, Dorne, did ye say?" asked Kit, reflectively; "I've heard that name—oh, yes! I used to know a feller of that name, but then he lives a thousand miles from here. But, Christie, dinged if I don't die for you, and I'm thinkin' I'll soon have the chance, for Prairie Paul and a dozen men are after me this holy minute—comin' right back here."

"Oh, heavens!" cried the girl, "then I am—"

"Easy, easy, little one; I'll fix 'em," responded Kit; "this hoss 'd be of little account to carry us both, but he must save us, by throwin' the varmints off our trail. Here," he said, removing the bundles that were strapped to the saddle, "take this blanket and this provision, and hide in that thicket till I come for you."

Christie Dorne took the things as requested and concealed herself in the bushes.

Kit Bandy drew his knife and cut a forked bush standing near. He trimmed upon the prongs, slipped the outlaw chief's extra pair of pants over them, then hung the coat around the upright stem or trunk, and fastened it there. The top of this was then surmounted with Prairie Paul's cap; and then the ingenious Kit Bandy had a very fair dummy, which he placed astride the horse and fastened securely to the saddle with the lariet-ropes. This done, he turned the horse's head southward and gave him a smart blow with a switch that sent him flying with terror out over the plain.

Kit followed to the edge of the grove to note the result of his ruse, and a moment later a loud, ringing laugh burst from his lips. He saw the robber-band turn from their eastward course in pursuit of his mounted dummy, and he knew that it would be a long, hard chase before the trick was discovered; for the horse, re-

lieved of all burden of any consequence, flew rapidly across the plain, terrified by the rattling brush upon his back.

Kit watched the chase a minute or two, then turned and went back to Christie.

"Now, little one," he said, "we're safe for a while at least. I've got the varmints off the trail sicker than a ribbon. And now, Christie, before we start I want you to eat something, for I know you are weak and hungry. Here's some roasted venison I prepared myself to-day at noon; and here's some biscuit I got outen Captin Paul's saddle-bags. Eat, rest, and then we'll toddle on down the creek."

Christie ate of the coarse viands with a hearty, good relish; and when she had finished, felt much relieved of the gnawing pain and weakness that comes of long fasting. Her physical powers strengthened, and her spirit correspondingly revived, she seemed like another person to Kit Bandy.

The old mountaineer waited upon his fair young protegee with a rude gallantry, that, while it would have been amusing to some, would have been commendable to the same persons. He ran down to the creek and brought her water in a flask-up which he had found among the robber's effects; and when they were ready for departure, he adjusted her shawl about her head and shoulders, then innocently drew her arm in his and set off eastward through the grove.

Christie permitted herself to be conducted away with perfect confidence in her escort. There was something in the man's open face and bluff, outspoken manner that gave her the strongest faith in the honesty of his tendered kindness and protection.

They journeyed on a short distance in comparative silence, Kit betraying an unusual stillness and reticence. Finally, however, he said: "Miss Christie, I'm afraid there's a long walk for you ahead."

"I feel in hopes we will meet with friends," replied the maiden.

"The chances are that we'll meet enemies first; but then we'll keep a clear eye and meebly we can escape the red devil—bless pardon, Miss Christie—meant the red varmints and white robbers. I'm an awful rough old sinner to talk, little one. You see a fellow that's eternally mixed up with hunters, and red-skins, and outlaws, can't help but get kind of roughish-like. I used to be purty bount with grammar, and knowed a deal 'bout science and books; but, years of isolation from them has made me rougher'n a stone-fence. But I persepe to brighten up my knowledge afore long, for I, Kit Bandy, propose to quit this trampin'—"

"Kit Bandy?" exclaimed Christie, "is that your name?"

"Yas, ma'am," he replied, looking down into her face, somewhat puzzled by the manner of her question.

The maiden made no reply, but Kit could see and feel that she was considerably agitated. "What do you know 'bout Kit Bandy, little one?" he finally asked.

"Nothing," she answered, "only I am inclined to think that Kit Bandy is not the rude, illiterate man he would have me believe."

"Great horn of Joshua! I surely ain't makin' out any wuss than I am, the Lord knows. But, if I'd be partickler, and think afore I speak, I might do better. I know I used to be a fair average on common sense—I used to preach a little, and folks used to say that I could make a smackin' good anti-slavery speech. Then I studied law once, and for two years war justice of the peace down at Carson City."

Christie betrayed no little surprise at Kit's words, and when he had concluded, she involuntarily exclaimed:

"Then you are the very man that"—but here she checked herself, and with no little confusion, added: "but what am I talking about, anyway?"

"Speak it right out, Miss Christie," the old man exclaimed; "I believe you know some-thing 'bout me, I swar I do."

"I was thinking of another person, Mr. Bandy," she answered, with a confused smile and an evasive air; but in her mind—to herself she was saying—"Ay! well do I know you, Kit Bandy, and a secret that lies buried in your breast—a secret that would to God I dare speak of to you!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"CHRISTIE? CHRISTIE?"

The fact of her knowing Kit Bandy did not give Christie Dorne any uneasiness. On the contrary she seemed more easy and light-hearted in his company, and moved along with a lighter footstep and clearer mind.

Kit believed that she knew, or had heard something about him, notwithstanding her evasive denial; but all questioning failed to elicit anything definite, and so he finally changed the topic of conversation—much to the maiden's relief.

By this time the sun was getting low, and the thoughts of another night upon the prairie made Christie almost sick at heart. It is true, she felt that in Kit Bandy she had a friend and protector; but at the same time this assurance was insufficient to dispel that dread and terror born of the dismal shadows of night.

"I have been lookin' for friends all day, Miss Christie," Kit said, "and I feel in hopes I may yet find them."

"If so, it must be soon, for night is fast closing in upon us," responded Christie.

"Yes, I know it," said Christie; but don't let that worry you. I'll die before harm shall come to you."

"I hope you'll have no occasion to make such a sacrifice for me, Mr. Bandy."

"Heavens!" he interrupted, "call me Kit Bandy—ole Kit—anything but Mister Bandy."

Christie smiled at his correction and continued:

"When did you lose the friends of whom you speak, Kit?"

"Last night, cros in the Powder river; but then I s'pects to meet 'em soon again, for Idaho Tom's not the man to desert a friend in—"

"Idaho Tom, did you say?" Christie exclaimed in a tone that betrayed the deepest surprise.

"I did say Idaho Tom; but now what's up again? Do you know Idaho Tom, the Outlaw of Silverland?"

"I know him—I know him well," she answered, her eyes sparkling with the light of some inward joy and happiness.

Kit saw that he had at last touched upon the right chord of her sad, desponding heart—that the name, Idaho Tom, had aroused her from a lethargy that was fast overcoming her spirit and physical energy.

"Well," the old man finally observed, "you're just like all the female women, Christie—awful savin' of your secrets. But then it's all right; old Kit Bandy has no desire to know other folks' business. But I tell you what, that Idaho Thomas is a splendid young fellow, and I shouldn't wonder if you didn't love him. If I war a gal, I know I would. I do love Tom, anyhow."

Christie blushed deeply and made no answer, for at this juncture her attention was attracted by an object moving along the summit of a ridge a mile or more before them.

"I've been watchin' it for some time," Kit said, when she called his attention to it. "I think it's the head of a horseman behind the hill, and he may be tryin' to keep out of sight and at the same time watch us; therefore I've a notion to bend my course and cros over to the Cheyenne valley. It's not more'n a mile away, and then we'll be more apt to meet the boys or friends there than here."

"Take the course you think best and safest, Kit," Christie answered, "and I am sure I will be satisfied."

They turned north, crossed the little creek, and ascended the slope to the summit of the range of bluffs overlooking the Cheyenne valley. Here a sight met their view that brought them to an abrupt halt, and forced an exclamation of surprise from their lips.

It was a number of horsemen, whom Kit recognized at a glance, on the river bottom, surrounded by at least a hundred Indians and outlaws.

"Great Horn of Joshua!" exclaimed Kit, "that's Idaho Tom and his boys; and the red varmints of the Old Scratch have got 'em hemmed in!"

A look of despair settled upon Christie's face, and a moan of agony escaped her lips. She seemed completely overcome by the startling news, sunk down in the grass, and burying her face in her hands, wept bitterly.

"Don't take on, little one, don't take on. Night will soon settle over us, and if the enemy don't close in upon the boys by that time, I'll bet they'll cut their way out—ah! hark!"

Kit threw himself prostrate in the grass at Christie's side, and the next moment two horses thundered over the hill and down past them. Both were riderless, and Kit recognized them, by the packs on their backs, as two of the pack-horses belonging to Idaho Tom's party.

Bandy said nothing further that would add anew to Christie's despondency, but quietly watched the movements of those on the plain. He saw that the Indians made no violent demonstrations, but that they were intent upon some hostile movement, he had not a single doubt; and when darkness shut all from view they still maintained their first position.

The old man now became restless. He wanted to assist the young rangers out of their difficulty, and so expressed himself to Christie.

"If you can assist them, Kit, go, and may God speed you," the maiden replied; "I will wait here by the side of this old Indian trail till you come. If you pass the enemies' lines, and meet him—Idaho Tom—tell him that I am here, and he will come to me."

"Love, love," mused the old man to himself, then continued aloud: "I will do so, Christie. Now wrap this blanket around you, and don't leave this spot nor worry. First and foremost I want to find out what the varmints intend to do, then I'll go through to the boys or kill every Injin down thar. You remember and stay right here, little one, and God 'll watch over you."

So saying, Kit turned and moved away. Then alone, upon bended knee, in the depth of the great plain, Christie, with clasped hands and tremulous lips, sent up an humble and fervent supplication to the Great Father and Protector of all.

It was a solemn and affecting scene, that frail young creature kneeling there alone in the solitude of the night, her whole soul pouring out its spirit in petition for divine grace and protection.

Two hours went by and found the maiden still alone. It seemed as though night had resolved itself into the blackness and endlessness of eternity.

She had heard, at intervals, the report of firearms, savage yells and shouts; but these only added to her uneasiness and mental torture. And time brought her no relief. Her spirits sunk lower and lower, and it seemed as though she could endure the sharp pangs of silence and inactivity but little longer, when to her relief, she suddenly heard the sound of hooved feet coming along the trail. It was a relief, because it broke the dread monotony of the darkness and its horrible silence; but she knew not whether a friend or foe was coming toward her. To make sure, however, she was about to step aside when she heard a voice call out:

"Christie! Christie!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

OLD PATIENCE SHOWS HER ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

To Dakota Dan, as well as the young rangers, it seemed singular enough that they would permit themselves to ride blindly into such a trap of the enemy, as that in which they now found that they were caught. And the idea of escape by retracing their footsteps through the opening that had admitted them to the circle of enemies, was no sooner suggested than they saw the gap in the line behind them closed up by a score of armed and mounted men. Escape was completely cut off, for in whatever direction they might look, they could see savages and outlaws gazing toward them. All, however, remained still, and as the nearest were over sixty rods away, none attempted to use their rifles.

The rangers dismounted and hastily arranged their weapons for a conflict. All but Dakota Dan were armed with repeating rifles, besides a brace of revolvers to each man. The former weapons could be used at long range, and the latter in close encounter, thus making the ranger equal to half a score of men. Of this the enemy seemed fully cognizant, and made no haste to precipitate matters, although the young men expected a charge at any moment.

They were happily disappointed, however, to see that the enemy made no move, as the hours advanced. But they could see Prairie Paul galloping around the line as if imparting orders and instructions. Now and then a fiendish shout would greet his approach at different points, which told the rangers that the outlaw was plotting some devilry that met the approval of the savages.

"They may wait until night sets in," said old Dan, "in which case it will make it all the worse for us. There is one thing about these Injuns, however, that'll make them less blood-thirsty than they might be. You see they are to their tribe what them outlaws are to their race, in one sense of the word. They are violating the stipulations of their treaty, and while the tribe'll be held amenable for all acts of its members to the government, those outlaw Indians will be held amenable to the tribe. Prairie Paul, however, is at the head of the whole thing—the prime instigator, and in order to hold his influence over them, he'll not be very apt to urge them into anything that'll precipitate the tribe in difficulty with the government. I know somethin' about this red and white outlawry, though I may be mistaken as to the intention of these varmints. And, boys, you may do as you please 'bout some things, but you don't want to miss a chance to shoot the fust red-skin or robber you git a

chance at. You want to improve every opportunity to obliterate the lopin' varmints. This is the imperative rule of the Triangle; whenever thar's a chance, man, hoof and howler gits into operation and then—oh, then! you ort to see the fur fly. Jist let the lopin' varmints come on, if you want to see how the exterminator works. We haven't had a real solid chunk of a fight for a long time."

"I think we saw a bit of a tussel this mornin'," remarked Darcy Cooper.

"That war only a part of the machine at work—only old Dan Rackback. The hull Triangle's composed of me, Patience, my mare here, and Humility, my dog, thar. When we fight alone, it's nothin' more'n a common thing; but when all three goes into cahoots, then you ort to see how nice, beaueful and slick the cogs mesh together. Great Jubilee! you'd think old Patience war incoiled with heels, and that Humility had a head on every end and corner, they whirl, and flip, and dash, and cavort around so like a bug on a hot griddle. Yes, Thomas, them red-skins and robbers war be tryin' to intimidate us into terms; but we musn't let 'em fool us. If we'll jist show 'em that we'd rather fight than run, they'll look a little out. The greatest danger is of their firing the prairie around us."

"In that case we might cut our way through to the river," said Tom.

"At the risk of one or two," said Dan, shaking his head. "No, no, we don't want to lose a man. Thar's more in savin' your men than in gainin' a victory. Water, you see, 'll be our greatest want if we are kept here a day or two."

"Yes, that is very true," answered Tom. "If our pack animals hadn't been cut off, we would now have implements with which we could soon sink a well in this low, bottom land."

"But that we ain't got, Thomas; so we've got to do the next best thing—hullo! thar comes a flag of truce, as I am born!"

True enough, one of the robbers, with a flag of truce, was seen to leave the group on one of the hills and gallop toward the boy brigade.

The latter had all dismounted, but in order that a fair view might be had of the surrounding plain, a man was mounted upon a horse to keep watch.

The truce-bearer approached, and was received by old Dan with the salutation:

"Wal, now, what might you be wantin' here with that rag?"

"To effect some terms of compromise," was the man's answer.

"That's queer, now, 'case we've no compromise to make," returned Dan.

"Then you'll have to fight a battle," was the man's reply.

"That's what we want—it's our best holts—what we like—what we've been waitin' for. We'd rather fight than eat, fur we're royal old fighters of Spartan descent. We've a machine here that's equal to a tornado fightin' when it gits its wind up."

"I think it's gittin' the wind up, now," replied the outlaw, with sarcasm.

"Yes; and be keeful, old sinner, or a gust 'll take you anidships. We're all spoolin' for a fight, and wish you'd run back and tell your friends to wait down this way if they want fun. Howsmever, you might state your terms, jist so's we kin see what fools you are."

"Exactly," said the man, with a satirical smile; "I thought you'd like to know our terms, which are these: the delivery of a certain paper in the possession of Dakota Dan, and recompense for horses killed by him two days ago, in consideration of which you will be permitted to go free upon your way."

"Peractically," mused Dan; "that's very reasonable. But, as to the paper, you can have that, and, as to the horse-pay, why, there isn't five dollars in the crowd."

"You have horses," said the outlaw.

"No. I Dakota Dan have only that old fire-fly, thar, but she's worth her weight in gold, man, without a doubt. You run back and report to the captain, and if he accepts my proposition, tell him to send a man down to ride her up—he can have her. I'm honest—willin' to pay damages; but, then, I don't want my offer, under any consideration, to knock us out of a fight. We want a fight—must have a fight—will have a fight, anyhow."

"You may get your satisfaction, sir," said the man, in a threatening manner; then turning about he rode back to where Prairie Paul was awaiting him on the hill.

He reported his interview with the redoubtable Dakota Dan, and the robber-chief was highly pleased with the offer of the old ranger for terms of conciliation. He was satisfied that old Patience was the fastest animal on the plains of Dakota, and concluded to accept his proposition so far as the old ranger, himself, was concerned; but, after that, he had a score to settle with the boy-rangers under Idaho Tom.

"Dan," said Tom, as the outlaw rode away, "suppose they accept your proposition, and send a man down after the paper and your mare?"

"Let them 'cept and send. Here's the paper; you make a copy of it, Tom—quick, for here comes a swaggin' cuss to ride old Patience away, this holy minute."

Tom took the paper and copied it into a small memorandum—it was the paper Dan had taken from the Indian, Fast-foot.

The second outlaw soon drew near, and all could see that he was a lithe, active fellow with a keen eye and villainous face.

The captain's eyes were on him, he said, as he approached the rangers, "and I've come to git the paper and mare."

"All right, sweet William; thar's the paper, and thar's the mare. You'll find her a good one, though she needs no recommend to you fellers. You know her bottom is superb."

The man took the paper and looked it carefully over, then put it in his pocket, and with a satisfied look turned and vaulted onto old Patience's back. All the while the man's face wore a disdainful look that showed his self-conceit and contempt for the rangers.

"By-by, Patience; I alers thought I'd stick to you through thick and thin, for you've been a faithful servant," said Dan, his eyes sparkling with inward delight; then, as the man rode away, he threw himself upon the ground, and, like a mischievous school-boy, rolled and laughed as it seemed as though he would go into spasms.

Finally he rose to his feet and glanced after his mare and her rider, who were now about forty rods away.

"Now, boys," he said, "watch for fun—watch old Patience teeter up, and, placing his thumb and finger between his lips, he gave utterance to a shrill whistle.

Instantly, almost, Patience was seen to rear up and throw her rider off backward; then, as he touched the ground, the vicious mare's heels went out and her late rider was kicked whirling through the grass; while, with a snort, and head and tail up, Patience came tearing back to camp at the top of her speed.

Again Dan burst into a fit of laughter, and

as the mare came up he laid his arm affectionately about her neck and said:

"Oh, you blessed old critter! I knowed you'd foolish that feller, or I'd never 'let you gone away from here. Boys, that cends my contract; they failed to handle the property, so it reverts back, accordin' to law and justice. Ay, the sagacity of that mare! she's got more human gumption than any red-skin in you circle; good blood in her, boys; I can trace her pedigree right back to old Noah's records. But now look out; I expect that chap got his system busted; and, if so, it 'll make times brisk."

Several hours were away, however, without any further movement on the part of the enemy. They had all dismounted and were lounging about in groups, apparently paying little attention to the rangers. But the latter were not to be caught napping again. They knew well enough that the enemy's indifference was a ruse to provoke them to an attempt to escape.

Finally the shrill blast of a trumpet started the echoes far and near.

In an instant every Indian and outlaw was upon his horse ready for action.

Another blast of the trumpet set them in motion.

Idaho Tom placed his own trumpet to his lips and blew a defiant blast that fairly split the air.

With a yell, and a whoop the enemy came thundering toward them.

"Now, boys, it's fight!" exclaimed old Dan.

The rangers' rifles rung out before the enemy was nearer than two hundred yards. But their aim was good and a number of the foe fell. One discharge after another followed so rapidly that an incessant storm of bullets met the enemy's advance, dealing death among their ranks.

It seemed as though a hundred rifles, instead of a dozen, were pouring their deadly contents upon the foe.

Prairie Paul seemed to have been taken by surprise, for he immediately sounded a retreat, and the Indians fell back to their former position without firing a dozen shots.

The rangers sent up a shout that fairly shook the earth beneath them.

By this time the sun was low in the western sky, and with a vague anxiety and uneasiness the rangers watched it go down—wondering what the night would bring forth as the murky shade deepened around them.

All was silent on the plain.

The wind finally blew up and swept down the plain from the north—tumbling and tossing and roaring among the tall, rustling grass.

Once a savage yell and groan was heard following the report of a pistol, but silence succeeded the sounds.

"This is an awful night, boys, for a prairie-fire," said old Dan, "and if them demons should fire this grass we'd all be fried into a knotty cracklin'. But, let 'em strike in—we can fight fire with fire, let the consequence be what it may. But, lookee here, youngsters; me and Humility, my dog, 'd better make a little scout off hereaways, and 'larn, if possible, what's the go—might raise a scalp."

Before any one could express dissent or approval, the old ranger and his dog were gone. But he had scarcely time to have gone a dozen steps ere Humility was heard to utter a low, fierce growl, then followed the sounds of a deadly struggle. Blows, execrations, the crashing of the dry grass and the growls of the dog told that Dakota Dan and his dumb friend were in trouble.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 324.)

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

WEST VS. EAST.

The great features of the base-ball campaign of 1876 is the contest for supremacy between the representative nines of the West and the East, and as each week's series of games have been played of the first Eastern tour of the Western nines, this interest has increased. As we have said before, this new issue in the professional arena is one which will be profitable to the League club managers, if properly worked up. They have introduced one good custom which it will be well for them to adhere to, and that is the arrangement by which all League club championship contests are played on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays of each week. This rule will prevail during all the club tours of the season, and it would be well if it were adopted as the days for the club contests when they are not on their respective tours. It will add to the attendance if it be known that there are regular days for League club contests.

We regret to state that the old leaven of crooked play has once more shown itself as still in existence even under "the new and stringent rules of the League." The unwise policy of re-engaging marked and suspected men for the nines of 1876 is now being manifested. Shortly after the organization of the League Association we pointed out to that body the inconsistency of expelling a club on the grounds of unfair play, and then re-engaging the very players who were known to have been under the ban of suspicion in the expelled club. For this abuse was heaped upon us at the hands of the base-ball writers of the press in the West, who seem to think that "to pitch into Chadwick" is a sure way to have their columns read. On no other basis can we account for the persistent attacks made upon us in some of the St. Louis and Chicago papers.

These attacks, however, have been copied with quite a relish by Philadelphia, Hartford and Boston papers, the Louisville Journal and St. Louis Globe Democrat being the only two papers which have shown us impartial justice. What these other fellows have said about us have been simply laughed at, their lies having been too gross to have been worthy of notice. But they have been countenanced by the officers of the St. Louis club if not by others. That fact, however, has not prevented our giving that club due justice in our reports. But what we intended to say was that after all this abuse, because we differed from the League gentlemen as to the wisdom of their course, time and experience has shown that we were right in our conclusions. Had the League Association, when they excluded the Philadelphia club for crooked play on the part of their team, and the countenance of its club officials, at the same time prohibited the engagement of any marked or suspected man of that club, or any other, in fact—the Association would not now be harassed with the problem of "how to get rid of crooked play," which has been brought to their attention by the occurrences of the ball-field in Brooklyn during the June tour of the Western nines.

A futile effort to discover evidence against McGarry has been made by Mr. Bishop, of the St. Louis club, in the offering of a reward of \$250 for the presentation of evidence of foul play. When one considers the facts connected with this "crooked" work, the folly of tendering such rewards becomes evident. The facilities afforded by the pool-rooms for heavy spe-

culations in base-ball stock are such that when a man goes in to arrange for the selling of a game, he does it to the amount of thousands, and the share of the "swag" by those who connive with the player to assist in the crooked business, amounts to half of the receipts, or at least a third. To tender a reward of hundreds for information to a man who gets thousands to buy the fraud is simply doing nothing. It is surprising to us that the members of the League Association do not see that this crooked business in their ranks costs them treble and quadruple in loss of patronage what it would cost them to offer a reward which would ensure the conviction of the knaves. A reward of \$5,000 as a standing offer would not be too much to give to get one of these sneak-thief rascals convicted. The fellow who will connive with a player to sell a game to get a thousand dollars will sell his pal just as readily if twelve hundred dollars were offered him to do it. At any rate, no matter what it costs, the evil must be got rid of or the League Association will show itself to be a useless organization.

THE JUNE TOUR AND ITS RESULTS.

On June 11th, the third week of the first Eastern tour of the Western nines ended, and the record finds the four Western clubs in the van, taking their aggregate of victories by twenty to sixteen. The series began May 23, and ended June 17th, and at the close of June 12th the contests had ended with the appended record:

Clubs.	West.	Lost.	Clubs.	East.	Lost.
Chicago...	8	1	Hartford...	3	2
St. Louis...	5	4	Mutual...	3	3
Louisville...	6	3	Boston...	3	6
Cincinnati...	1	8	Athletic...	1	8
	30	16		16	30

The League pennant contest record up to June 12th inclusive, is as follows:

Clubs.	Games played.	Games won.	Games lost.	Games drawn.
Chicago...	21	18	3	0
Hartford...	19	15	4	0
St. Louis...	31	12	19	0
Louisville...	21	10	11	0
Mutual...	20	9	11	0
Boston...	21	9	12	0
Athletic...	20	5	15	1
Cincinnati...	21	4	17	0
	164	82	82	2

The following matches were played during the past week:

June 6, at Brooklyn—Mutual, 3; Cincinnati, 0.
" 6, at Boston—Louisville, 3; Boston, 0.
" 6, at Hartford—Hartford, 3; St. Louis, 2.
" 6, at Philadelphia—Chicago, 7; Athletic, 0.
" 8, at Brooklyn—Mutual, 21; Cincinnati, 5.
" 8, at Philadelphia—Chicago, 8; Athletic, 7.
" 8, at Boston—Louisville, 3; Boston, 1.
" 8, at Hartford—Hartford, 6; St. Louis, 3.
" 8, at Hartford—Hartford, 7; St. Louis, 0.
" 10, at Boston—Louisville, 4; Boston, 3.
" 10, at Philadelphia—Chicago, 14; Athletic, 4.
" 10, at Brooklyn—Mutual, 1; Cincinnati, 0.

A REMARKABLE GAME.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 12, 1876.
MR. CHADWICK.—Dear Sir: Knowing your interest in our national game, and relying upon your authority in such matters, I take the liberty of enclosing the score of a game played here June 7th. The questions I wish to ask are—1. Is there a record of a game where a greater number of innings were played? 2. Was there ever a better played game than that on the part of the Rhode Island nine, considering the number of innings? By answering the above you will confer a favor not only upon a reader of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, but upon a lover of base-ball. Reply yours,
BASE-BALL.

No such game on record.—H. C.
Game played at Providence, R. I., June 7, between Rhode Islands, of Providence, and Tauntons, of Taunton, Mass. Score:

RHODE ISLAND.		TAUNTON.	
R.	R.P.O.A.E.	R.	R.P.O.A.E.
Brady, 3b...	1 2 4 9 0	Myers, 2b...	0 0 4 5 0
Berry, c.f...	0 2 2 2 0	Carpenter, p...	1 1 2 0 0
Burns, 3b...	0 1 1 3 0	Sullivan, 1b...	3 2 2 0 0
Shandley, l.f...	1 1 0 0	Allen, c...	0 2 15 4 0
Hanlon, r...	2 3 2 7 0	Dixon, 3b...	0 2 2 4 3
Tobin, 1b...	1 2 10 0	Bates, s...	1 1 0 0 0
Turbady, s...	0 4 8 1	Hesolider, 1b...	4 5 0 0
Keenan, c...	0 2 9 1	Waterman, rf...	0 0 0 0 0
Critchley, p...	1 4 4 0	Fitts, c...	1 0 0 0 0

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AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO" AGAIN!

THE NEW ROMANCE
OF
SPORT, ADVENTURE AND EXPLORATION!

BY THE
Author of "Lance and Lasso,"

CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
Is to commence in No. 332, viz:

THE SWORD HUNTERS;
OR,
The Land of the Elephant Riders.

As deeply interesting, as enchanting, as exciting, as any of Jules Verne's wonderful creations, but more real, for it is life in the Elephant Land as it is—an almost veritable record of adventure, in which, as heroes and actors, we have the Boy Hunters and Travelers whose career in Buenos Ayres, as told in the captivating "Lance and Lasso," made them such prime favorites. To meet them again, as Elephant Riders and Sword Hunters in the Jungles and Deserts—the companions of Arabs and Africans—the heroes of new and decidedly novel achievements—will not only revive the old interest in them, but make it something to talk about and immeasurably enjoy. That old boys and young, who are Mr. Whittaker's auditors, constituents and friends, will "go for" the Sword Hunters "with a will," we can well anticipate, and an extra edition ordered of the story will supply the extra demand.

Buffalo Bill is off after scalps. When the Sioux delegation visited the East, Mr. Cody met the chiefs in New York, and presented Sitting Bull with a splendid rifle. Having learned that the chief was on the war-path with that very rifle, he has gone for it, and says that he will either have it or Sitting Bull's scalp. The Scout has "got his mad up," and we would not insure that red-skin's top-knot for a heavy extra premium.

Sunshine Papers.

Work for the Working Girls.

"I have had a hard time to get along, trying to earn my own living. I have worked for months on about six dollars a week and had to pay all but a dollar of that for a mean little room with another girl, and cheap board and washing. I'm not discouraged yet, but it does seem sometimes as if I'd rather die than live so mean and in such rough company. I'm well born and bred and don't take to rough fellows; yet they are all who are likely to marry such as I."

So writes one of the working-girls.

"Poor girls!" some more favored young readers are saying—how live by the exertions of others and have never known what it is to take any part in the great struggle of weary humanity to gain its daily bread. But, let me beg of them not to waste their pity by expending it in the wrong direction. Girls need no pity because they work—whether that work be of choice or necessity. It is only pitiful that scores and hundreds of them are compelled to earn their own livelihood without having been prepared to engage in any kind of work. It is the effect of this utter incapability for business that constitutes the miserable condition of a large class of working-girls. They are forced to seek employment in certain avenues of industry that are easily learned, always over-run with applicants, and afford but scanty remuneration. And as the demand for work in these lines of business ever exceeds the demand for workers, employers cannot be expected to give fair wages for what they can get done at "starvation prices." Can they? Does any manufacturer or merchant carry on his business relations with his employees upon a moral basis? Does he hesitate to pocket every extra dollar he can make out of the ruin—body and soul—of his underlings? If any one knows of such an exceptional being please mention him and let us tender him the highest honor of our land (I)—the next presidency. The nation would vote as a unit for this remarkable creature, if only to get him out of the business world which he might demoralize. He could not do much with congressmen, you know, and so would be safe if incarcerated in the White House.

Occasionally the woes of the working-girls are brought before the public. Then it is the fashion for the torch of indignation to blaze brilliantly—but transiently. No end of paper, ink and time is absurdly wasted in abusive generalities concerning the low wages given for women's work. No good comes of it; men are not angelic, and self-interest is a paramount consideration with them all; and, as I have not much faith in any very immediate millennium, it seems to me that working-girls must depend upon some more substantial help than an occasional outburst of literary eloquence over their oppressed condition. And that help is within themselves.

Men will only concede you, girls, what you force of them through real merit; and the demand for labor will always govern its wages. So long as you offer services to do only what hundreds of others desire to do, and can do equally well with yourself, those services are of small money value to you; but when the services you would sell are services with difficulty obtained, you will gain for them a fair,

often an excellent price. It is evident, then, that the working-girl who would better her condition must fit herself for some line of business not crowded with competitors, or make herself so perfect in the line of business she does understand as to become a leader in it. And just here is a great secret of success hidden. Of hundreds of girls who work at the same employment but one or two per cent. are really proficient workers. Not long since a young married lady, who had plenty of spare time, took specimens of her artistic skill as a sewing-machine operator to the superintendent of a manufactory of ladies' and children's lingerie. The moment the gentleman looked at her samples he handed her a pile of fine work, naming a fair price that he would pay for it. After the lady had worked for him some time, and was obliged to refuse to undertake much of the stitching he desired her to do, she ventured to ask how it was that he gave her, a stranger, employment without preliminary trial or references. He answered that of all the girls he employed in and out of his manufactory, who could do fair machine work, there was not over one in fifty who could do such sewing as her samples displayed; and he offered to give her all the stitching she could do, even in the dull season, rather than lose her services. The lady found it easy to make twelve dollars a week besides supplying a friend with work. Again we know a lady who commenced taking job-work from stores, making a point of always finishing it in a perfect manner. She was soon able to command her own prices and employ a number of young lady assistants. She exacted of them the very nearest work, and in return gave them excellent wages. She has acquired an excellent home, and a competency for herself, besides aiding many girls to earn an abundant support.

Then, the first manner in which we would help the working-girls to urge them, whatever their daily occupation, to work with all the strength of body and will to make themselves complete masters of it. Remember that you are all artists, and that thoroughness, minute attention to your work, and constant striving to do better, are the requisites of success. The second manner in which the working-girls must help themselves is by acquiring a knowledge of some business in which they will have fewer competitors. Perhaps they will have only evenings, three hours a day, say, in which to do this; but, three hours a day amount to eighteen hours a week, or two good days of study, in which much may be accomplished by one who is determined to learn, and in all of our large cities are many schools and societies affording every facility, to eager pupils, for acquiring a knowledge of some remunerative art. The various branches of book-keeping, drawing and designing, engraving, photography, chirography, telegraphy and stenography, all afford wide scope for usefulness, ambition and gain to women, as do many of the finer mechanisms and all branches of decorative art. And girls who do not care to devote their time to learning any of these industries could often find no little to their weekly earnings, during their evenings, by neat hand-work on plain sewing, or embroidery, or copying.

At least bear in mind, girls, that whatever is worth doing at all is worth well doing. A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

WINGS.

I often wonder what we would do, supposing we had wings. Practical-minded people would be glad of them, as they would save many a fare on boat and car, but would we be happier if we had them? I don't believe we would, because we are such restless, discontented set that we wouldn't be satisfied any more than we are now. We'd think we couldn't fly fast enough and never seem to remember there was a time when we couldn't fly at all, just as we grumble now because journeys are so long, and forget that, fifty years ago, it took six times as long to travel from one place to another as it does now.

Supposing we had lived in the old times when there were no telegraph, cars and Atlantic cables, how should we have done! Done without! Done as the folks in those times did, oh! I am afraid you wouldn't, for they didn't complain. I fear we don't enjoy the blessings we have, but pine for others that we seem unable to obtain.

Cheap postage is one of the blessings we have. Only three cents to send a letter thousands of miles, while, in former days, dollars would only pay for what cents will now accomplish. In the early days of the Pony Express it cost five dollars in gold per quarter ounce to send a "white-winged messenger" to California, and those who had most urgent business were glad to pay that or even any price. A three-cent stamp or a one-cent postal-card will do all that now!

The nearest approach to wings we will be likely to have is the telegraph, and if we cannot travel on the wires our thoughts can. We appreciate this blessing enough! In olden times it would take weeks for a letter to reach its destination and as many weeks for an answer to arrive; but now we can send a message thousands of miles and an answer will come in a few moments. What would the people of the olden time have thought, had our predicted such a marvel! The person who talked of such a thing would have been thought insane and likely to have been hung for a witch. They would have considered such things simply impossible, and they almost look so to us until we feel assured that such things really are, and so they must be, and when we think of the toil and labor it has taken, both of hand and brain, to bring these affairs to perfection, should not the artificers receive our warmest thanks! Should not the thoughts of the many failures made in completing certain portions of the machinery, the persistent effort in overcoming difficulties, impel us to press on in our way, to take courage and persevere, and if unsuccessful at first, to "try, try, try again!"

Wings might be convenient, but as we are not likely to have them in this world, let us be content without them and use our best endeavors with what Providence has bestowed upon us. Maybe if we had wings, had our predicted such a marvel! The person who talked of such a thing would have been thought insane and likely to have been hung for a witch. They would have considered such things simply impossible, and they almost look so to us until we feel assured that such things really are, and so they must be, and when we think of the toil and labor it has taken, both of hand and brain, to bring these affairs to perfection, should not the artificers receive our warmest thanks! Should not the thoughts of the many failures made in completing certain portions of the machinery, the persistent effort in overcoming difficulties, impel us to press on in our way, to take courage and persevere, and if unsuccessful at first, to "try, try, try again!"

Wings on angels seem entirely right, but somewhat inappropriate on our human beings, because we are far from having the attributes of angels, and, as we haven't those attributes, we don't deserve to have their wings. Men have attempted to fly with clumsy mechanical means, but have never succeeded in doing much more than making geese of themselves and looking like those highly intelligent (I) fowls; which seems to prove that, had the Lord intended us to fly, He would have bestowed wings upon us, but as He hasn't seen fit to do so, we should be content with the means provided for our locomotion. I know I am perfectly content, in that respect.

The trouble with a great many of us is that we want to go too fast. I'm sure the cars go fast enough, but that doesn't satisfy us. The result is a fearful cutting off of life or a painful, almost useless existence.

You may tell me that this is a progressive age, but there is such a thing as progressing too fast and rushing into the other world before our time. And, if we had wings, we'd complain because our locomotion was too slow, and yet we'd fly here and there, "hither and yon," never remaining in one place long enough to note the beauties of the scenery, the manners and customs of the people. When we had made our tour of the world we'd complain because there wasn't more to see, when we hadn't seen all that we ought to have done.

So, my good friends, be content; don't pray for wings unless you firmly believe you have the angelic attributes to go with them; that you will not have in this world, for I believe angels are contented, and you are not contented, or you wouldn't wish for wings.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Visit to the Centennial Exposition.

I HAVE been and gone to the Great Exposition. Allow me to slap my native country familiarly on the back and say, Bully for you!

It is the largest thing of any kind that I ever saw.

A one-eyed man has no business to look at it at all, because he couldn't take in even the key-hole.

They have had to start an establishment outside of the exhibition to stretch eyes; they stretch the lids over the top of your head, and tack them, then they clap on two pairs of forty horse-power spectacles, with eight octaves.

There is so much to see that you have to hire somebody to help you look at it; he looks around while you rest, and then you look around while he rests; this is about the only way you can ever get through it and see it all.

The buildings are so long that they were obliged to enlarge the State of Pennsylvania, which caused a good deal of grumbling in the neighboring States, and they are so high that they had to especially request the man in the moon to stir a little around to the north, if he would be so kind. They presented him with a free pass to the Exposition, and he shines in on pleasant evenings.

When you are in those great buildings and contemplate their size, you wonder if there is any space left for what we call out of doors.

The finest and most beautiful works of art on exhibition there are the lovely women, and unless you catch your eyes with both hands and jerk them away from them you will be apt to see nothing else.

It is wonderful to see what a vast love of country rises up in a man's bosom as you behold its glories, and how suddenly it falls when somebody tramps on your patriotic corns.

People go around looking at things with their mouths so wide open that you can't see anything of them but their feet.

My pleasure was greatly marred by the people continually mistaking me for Dom Pedro, the Emperor of China, and Billy Patterson; and a special policeman had to be tendered me to keep the people from overdoing the thing.

I went there filled with the spirit of the occasion, dressed in the style of Brother Jonathan, star-spangled vest, striped pants, scissor-tail coat, and white felt hat. If everybody would do the same I think it would be vastly more appropriate.

The venerable saw-buck of George Washington, a young man who cherished the hatchet tree, and wasn't eligible to run a country newspaper on account of it, is one of the most brilliant features of the Exposition.

The Sultan of Turkey hung on my arm so much that I had great difficulty in shaking him off. We converted a great deal; he spoke Turkish, which I didn't understand, and I spoke English, which he didn't understand, and so upon the whole we got along very well until it got to be tedious.

While I was admiring the goose that furnished the quill that was held by the men that signed the Dec. that told to England that this noble country, that couldn't be crushed, that—that—that—well, a fellow that weighed four thousand pounds stood on my favorite Centennial button got severely injured. The other loose foot had no business on.

Everything in this colossal Exposition is on a scale of four pecks to the bushel, and a little heaping, and thirteen to the dozen. This Exposition is on such a grand scale that it can be seen from any portion of the United States, and some parts of Canada.

A monster Krupp gun that takes a whole powder-mill, and an iron foundry to load it, will sweep the buildings three times a day; all those who get out of the way will not sustain any injury.

Any man who has played marbles with G. W., or run off from school with him, will be admitted free on presenting a photograph of the fact.

The weather inside of the Exposition is about three times hotter than hot, and melting hearts seemed to abound in abundance, and one is led to think if the times of 1776 were hot the times of 1876 were hotter, and have had the advantage of a hundred years' practice.

After walking around about seventy-two miles one begins to feel like sitting down, and after sitting down it takes a sixty horse-power derrick to raise him up again, for he is firm enough to set up a granite monument on.

No pickpockets will be allowed on the premises, so says the posters. When I went to feel for my watch and found that my watch had quit watching, I pocketed my loss and concluded that the Emperor Francis Joseph, who had introduced himself to me, and to whom I had shown many attentions, must have been an impostor and wanted something to remember me by. This thought was further strengthened when I went to feel for my pocket-book, and found that somebody had felt for it before I did.

The fellow who stands out in front of the show on the head of a barrel, calling on emperors, kings, queens, princes, lords and noblemen to roll up, tumble up anyway to get up, met with an accident yesterday by the head of the barrel giving away, and he went down in it so tight that they are yet trying to get him out without injuring the barrel. The consequence is that there is not so much of an attendance as there has been on former days, especially of great folks.

The cradle which G. W.'s father used to have to rock him in is much frequented.

The buttons which were always missed from his shirt are very attractive to lookers-on.

The holes in his knees are also on exhibition.

A few oaths which he is said to have had use for at the battle of Monmouth are also on exhibition, salted.

Fine liquors and wines of foreign countries are exhibited but not for sale—many persons are leaving in disgust, and people pass the finest

statuary in search of peanuts, but they are especially prohibited.

I have tried to purchase this show to take around and exhibit under a tent, but when I came to look, my dollars were not big enough.

It is meeting with such success that there is some talk of continuing it three or four years. It is closed on Sundays, and people not in the habit of attending churches don't know what in the world to do with themselves.

The proprietors expect to make the next one bigger yet.

Yours, for a hundred years,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—A number of American girls in California have married Chinamen. They get husbands who are economical housekeepers and willing to do their own washing.

—Now is the touring time and everybody is thinking where to go and what to do. We are booked for a moose-hunt up on St. Mary's Bay, for there's richness there. A Canadian journal informs us that a man named Langley (not Long) recently went to St. Mary's on a moose and wild goose hunt. Seeing a moose feeding on the opposite shore he fired, and at the same time a porpoise leaped from the water, and the bullet killed both it and the moose. The porpoise floated to the shore and the hunter used it as a raft to paddle across to the moose. There he found that the bullet, after killing the moose, had gone into a hollow tree, in which there was a store of wild honey, which was flowing through a hole made by the bullet. Reaching for what he thought was a slice to plug up the hole, he caught a rabbit by the leg. Rather startled, he threw it violently from him, and struck a covey of eighteen partridges, killing them all. Count us in for St. Mary's even if we have to buy a ten-dollar Indian pony to get there.

—We are told that Antoinette Polk, a daughter of the dead soldier bishop, is the belle par excellence of Roman society. She unites in herself as many attractions as if all the fairies had been present at her christening. The "blue blood" of one of the first Southern families, wealth sufficient for worldly needs, and the beauty of perfect features, and a grand classic style, she has the world at her feet, and it is rumored that the Prince Doria is among her suitors. Happy Prince! But, may Antoinette polk a parrot! His eye if he goes to asking about the plantation and niggers on it, and bank stock, etc. The Italian princes are pretty fellows, literally not worth a picayune, and when they go for a girl it means—money.

—An appropriate design for the medal to be awarded to exhibitors upon the announcement of awards by the Centennial Commission has been the subject of a conference between Director Linderman, of the mint, and Chairman McCormick of the Executive Committee, who was constituted a sub-committee on the subject. The medals will be of the bronze, of uniform size (some five or six inches in diameter), and of very handsome workmanship. No distinction will be made in the size or style of medals awarded as premiums as has been the custom at other international exhibitions, but the relative grades of merit of articles of different exhibitors will be shown in the reports of the group juries. No awards will be made until near the close of the Exhibition. It is proposed to direct two or three of the artists soon to be employed at the Mint in a change of the designs of some of the coins now in circulation, to prepare the design for the Exhibition medal.

—As to the inducement to be a State Governor, we learn that New York pays its Governor an annual salary of \$10,000, which is the highest paid in the Union. Louisiana pays \$8,000, California \$7,000, Nevada \$6,000, Eight States—Kentucky, Massachusetts, Missouri, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Texas, Virginia, and Wisconsin—pay \$5,000; Maryland \$4,500. Three States—Alabama, Georgia, and Ohio—\$4,000. Arkansas, South Carolina, and Florida pay each \$3,500. Kansas, Indiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Jersey, and Tennessee pay each \$3,000. Illinois, Iowa, and Maine pay each \$2,500. West Virginia pays \$2,700. Connecticut \$2,000, Oregon \$1,500, Delaware \$1,300, and Michigan, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Vermont pay their Governors respectively a salary of just \$1,000. Our readers can choose. We will, if they read the SATURDAY JOURNAL regularly, see that they have their pick.

—The language of flowers, which is peculiar to the Turkish harem, owns its celebrity wholly to Lady Wortley Montague; it was she who introduced it into Europe. The Persian personifies the rose, and makes it the mistress of the sighs; to whom, in the return of Spring, he tells his amorous pains. The Hindoo dedicates flowers to his divinity, whose various attributes they represent to his imagination; but it is in Turkey alone, and in the harems, that we find this mysterious language, to which there exists nothing similar among other Oriental nations. There the language of flowers is merely the amusement of the secluded fair ones, and a knowledge of it can only be acquired from the slaves of the harem. Our hour's acquire it by buying the "Lovers' Casket"—harem-scarem creatures that they are.

A ten-mule team, with a load of lumber, was recently precipitated into a canyon near Nevada, Cal. The scene was a frightful one. The mules, wagon, and lumber pitched down into one confused, rolling mass, nearly two thousand feet, into the bottom of the gorge, wild cries from the crushed and mangled animals rending the air as they were hurled down the steep mountain side, until, when nearing the bottom, and life becoming extinct, the agonizing sounds ceased, and all became silent in death. If Mr. Badger or Buffalo Bill should put this incident into one of their mountain stories it would be pronounced overwrought and "sensational." Fact is, out in the wild West, truth is often times stronger than fiction.

—The crop of "Cuban" tobacco grown in Gadsden county, Florida, continues to increase in quantity, and improves in quality year by year. In 1870 the census reported 118,729 pounds. Last Spring a writer to the Department of Agriculture returned 300,000, and this Spring \$50,000 pounds for the crop of 1876, grown on 450 acres—an enlargement of fifty per cent in the area planted. The quality is the best of any crop since 1865, attributed to the fact that experienced planters have entered upon its cultivation. Which needs must be a source of great comfort to consumers of "the weed." The cost now is about four times that of good Virginia leaf. Turn Florida into a tobacco pasture by all means; let the orange groves be desolate and the banana become a thing that was. Tobacco is king.

—When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy are expressed by them! He who had commanded great armies, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do. What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mother. They order so, that is ill-bred, and shows, to say the least, a want of thought. In all home-talk, remember "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "If you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Do not forget the three little words, "If you please."

"Speak gently; it is better far To rule by love, than fear."

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Legend of the Pirates' Cave;" "Our Birthday;" "Dutch Ben;" "No More;" "I'm an old Maid;" "A Beggar's Petition;" "Travels of a Trump."

Accepted: "Heroes;" "The Reason Why;" "Waiting;" "Old Man's Ravery;" "Ruralizing;" "Prayer;" "Good-by;" "A Note Under a Coat;" "Miss Ellison's Lost Cousin;" "A Clover Leaf and Bloom;" "The Maid who Wouldn't;" "She Knows the Reason Why."

DELAWARE OUTLAW. You have our sympathy. Don't read any more for a year.

G. A. B. Sorry we can't use Ms. It's hardly up to standard.

J. H. S. See SATURDAY JOURNAL of May 27th, for the recipe for corn.

M. L. H. Somerville. We do not know the price of the books named, nor who publishes them.

DISTO BOX. Engineer's oil and engine grease will not hurt the complexion. On the contrary they make a soft skin.

Mrs. E. A. R. Sent your request to Messrs. Butterick, the Pattern Bazar. We do not supply patterns.

H. S. B. Will use poem with pleasure. It is exquisitely expressed. Always have space for good things in verse.

JAMES R. We do not know the address of the rifle company. They do not advertise. Apply to some gun store.

IND. EX. BOND. The "company" has gone up, we believe, in very bad order. Better let all lotteries alone, no matter what they promise.

MEER. To answer properly your two queries would take about a column. See a book on dyeing and one on mines, for the required information. Jos. R., Brooklyn. The tin-smith's trade is a very good one. Stick to it. When you are a first class workman you can then easily travel around and see the world.

W. M. We have no wish to see the Ms. referred to. Your note shows you to be wholly inexperienced as a writer. We have no time to consider what is at all crude or imperfect, and can not be used.

YANKEE NICK. The best (quickest) running has been done by Englishmen. Our American and Indian runners have not made the fastest record. The best 100 yards yet done was by a doctor, applicant at Hammersmith, England; time, 9 1/2 seconds. No "Yankee boy" will beat that.

MARY L. Your friend has just reason to question your friendship, and to feel hurt at your apparent indifference. If his friendship has been proven, as you admit, and it will "do it," make him forgive and forget, by your own advances for a renewal of confidence between you.

Miss R. M. Z. To clean black silk, cashmere or alpaca, take a teaspoonful of borax to a quart of tepid water and apply with a soft cloth. Be very careful in using spirits of ammonia on silken fabrics. If too strong it will stain. So of kerosene on worsted or woolen garments. Send us your full address for the paper.

W. If the lady is not willing to meet you do not seek to enforce your wishes. That is rude and disagreeable. As to "playing off" the other lady against her—don't do that. If the other lady is not to your taste do not use her as a tool. That is a way to be discontinued, even if the second lady knows she is so used.

H. W. C. You can only obtain admission to the Naval Academy by appointment from the Secretary of War—usually obtained through your Congressman, who also usually has a letter of application for the place. Before appointment an examination is necessary to see if you are "up" in your studies to the qualifications required. Be sure you are. After once in the Academy the Government pays all expenses.

CONSTANT READER Baltimore. Blacking is liquid or paste. You do not say which you wish to make. If a large or small quantity. For small quantity: Ivory black, 1/2 lb.; red lead, 1/2 lb.; white wax, 1/2 lb.; oil of vitriol, same; vinegar, half pint. Mix the ivory black, red lead and vinegar; mix sperm oil and vitriol, and then add to the oil mixture. This makes a very fine boot dressing and polish.

Miss Emily B. The "Philadelphia Ice Cream" is made as follows: Two quarts milk (cream if you have it), three tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, the whites of eight eggs well beaten, one pound powdered sugar; boil the sugar in water, add the arrowroot and sugar, and a little salt; pour the whole upon the eggs; flavor with vanilla or lemon.

BANKER'S CLERK. We think we have one before answered your first query. As you left the lady you can not, as a gentleman, expect her to clear her presents or correspondence. It is optional with her to retain or return them. Learn a lesson: never again make ardent advances "in fun." No good ever comes of deception or tricking in love matters. Since "cool indifference" is her only mode of repelling a wound to honor, you ought to be the last person to talk of resentment.

Mrs. C. M. W. asks how to make "vanilla soufflé." Stir together 1/2 lb. sugar, 1/2 lb. butter, 1/2 lb. flour, four ounces of flour, four ounces of sugar, and four ounces of butter; when it begins to bubble pour on it a pint of milk that has been brought to the boiling point; stir rapidly until it thickens. Add a pinch of salt, the yolks of four eggs, and vanilla. When cold, stir in the whites of the four eggs beaten stiff and dry, and bake it for twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve hot.

NELLIE M. writes: "Not long since I was introduced to a gentleman, by a friend of his and mine, and the new acquaintance so monopolized my time and attention that I was unable to have any consecutive conversation with him. I thought I was quite correct in the stranger to entirely deprive me of my friend's society through a given time which I alone had in which to converse with either."—No, it was decidedly selfish of the gentleman. Forgetfulness to consult the pleasure of others is never correct and such omissions will not be made by people who are really well bred. But the gentleman may have been such an egotist as to fondly believe that your greatest pleasure must be found in his society. There are such men.

Ros and Sam come to us with a dispute, in which Sam is in the right. No wonder, for Ros is the title of a gentleman who would speak to a lady's discredit, when "he knew absolutely nothing about her." Judging people by appearances is often a great injustice. There are in an old and wise saying that you should "believe nothing you hear and only half that you see."

MOLLIE M. writes: "I am just fourteen, out of school, and ready to go to work. I have been in a country town my choice must be from among two or three, or else I must work in a button factory. What would you advise me to do?" We would advise you, if you are fastidious, neat and quick, to go with some good dressmaker. If you are attentive, and desirous of earning, you ought to be able to do nice work upon your own responsibility, at the end of two years. If you fit nicely, sew neatly, and are something of an artist at effects, with the help of two or three of the fashion journals you ought to be able to command a nice wage here, and earn a comfortable support upon moderate prices. Good and stylish dressmakers, who do not charge exorbitant prices, are never at a lack for work in any town or village of which we ever heard.

ISADORA. The newest aprons in muslin, Swiss or organdy, are narrow, straight, and gathered to a band which buttons, or ties with any strings, about the waist. Across the bottom a flounce, with a heading and trimming, is added. Made of Swiss, laces and gay little bows are the favorite adornments.

C. H. H. asks: "Is it the correct thing for a gentleman to invite a lady friend to call upon his wife when the two ladies are strangers to each other? In such a case should the lady accept the invitation, and if she does how should the wife treat her?" Your questions seem a little absurd. Of course it is correct for a gentleman to ask his friends to call upon his wife and correct for them to respond to the invitation. He should mention to his wife whom he has asked to call, and when those ladies make their appearance she should do all in her power to make herself agreeable to them. Sure if she loves her husband, a wife will desire to like and be liked by a lady who are his friends.

LITTLE MATRON. To cleanse your blankets, make a strong lye suds and wash them in it. Wash and rinse through a second hot suds and then bluing is added. When partly dry whip with a ratan, or, better still, a riding whip; this raises the soft wool and they dry fleecy, like new ones. Fold away in a box or chest lined with papers and add camphor gum, and red cedar chips, and dried lavender. When you clean your "comforts," wait for some severe rain, and then put them on a clean, grassy spot and let them get well washed. Dry in the same place, with as little handling as possible; leave out for a day or two, to get plenty of sun and vapor when they will be found sweet, light and "fluffy."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

THE BEAUTIFUL ANGEL.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

"I am so weary," she told us;
 "Tired of sorrow and pain;
 Tired of toiling and striving;
 Always this dreary refrain.
 Slowly she faded, as fadeth
 Day into beautiful night;
 And we wept as for one who is going
 Out evermore from our sight.
 We had thought that death was a terror;
 A visitor dark and grim,
 And we shuddered as he came nearer,
 And shrank away from him.
 But he came not as we thought,
 So quietly, as those most kind
 Draw near to those whom they pity
 That terror fled our mind.
 And we thought, as we saw her lying
 In death, with her face grown fair,
 No traces of care nor sorrow,
 Of grief nor of suffering there,
 That death was a pitying angel
 Who loveth all so well
 That he bringeth to those he loves
 His rest unspeakable.

The Men of '76.

SULLIVAN,
The Lawyer-Soldier.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

JOHN SULLIVAN was born in Berwick, Maine, Feb. 17th, 1740. Like most young men of his time, he was a hard worker during all his youth, but his father, a well-educated man, gave his two sons, John and James—the latter afterward Governor of Massachusetts—such attention that they were, at their majority, both regarded as "well educated." John studied law, and located at Durham, New Hampshire, soon acquired a very excellent practice.

As early as 1772 the lawyer began to acquire a practical knowledge of the "art of war." His clear understanding of the "signs of the times" led him to correct conclusions regarding the future, and the ardor with which he embraced the cause of the colonies made him so conspicuous as a champion of resistance that he was chosen a member of the first Continental Congress which assembled in Philadelphia, in September, 1774, in deference to Massachusetts' call.

This Congress—ever memorable in the annals of Liberty for its assertion of the rights of the people to self-government, in its Bill of Rights and several Addresses—adjourned October 6th, when Sullivan returned home, full-charged with the spirit of liberty. In December he struck the first blow at military ascendancy. Up to that time the "rebellion" had been content to spend itself in resistance to the Crown law officers; now Sullivan dared the worst by an "overt act" that subjected him to prosecution for high treason.

General Gage, commanding the Royal forces in the New England provinces, seeing the danger of conflict gathering all around him, took every precaution to seize all military stores, arms and artillery within reach. At Fort William and Mary in Portsmouth, N. H., was a considerable store of arms and ammunition, simply protected by a small squad, under a sergeant's command. To seize these supplies and place them where the patriots could find them when the hour of need came, Sullivan and Langdon, with about one hundred trusty followers, entered the fort, seized the guard and made off with one hundred barrels of powder, sixteen cannon, and a large supply of small arms and stores—all of which were removed beyond Gage's reach, just before a strong detachment of Royal troops came sailing into the harbor to reinforce the fort. The Royal Governor of New Hampshire (Wentworth) denounced the act as one of treason, but the two daring fellows—citizens who applauded the seizure. Soon Wentworth's men, a fugitive, before the rising storm, and Sullivan and Langdon both went to the second Continental Congress, which assembled in May (1774) at Philadelphia, to consider the alarming state of affairs and to prepare for an armed resistance to British tyranny, exaction and outrage.

June 22d Sullivan was commissioned Brigadier-General, and resigning his seat in Congress he proceeded direct to Cambridge—whither Washington already had proceeded, as Commander-in-chief of the newly-organized Continental army, and to whose organization Sullivan was soon earnestly devoted.

The siege of Boston having been inaugurated supplies were to be sought. Almost everything useful was wanting—guns, ammunition, stores, clothes and camp equipage. Sullivan worked like a beaver to obtain these. In a letter addressed to the New Hampshire Committee of Safety, he stated that the army, in the immediate presence of the enemy, had not powder enough to give each man half a pound—which fact, when divulged to the Commander-in-chief, so affected him that he did not utter a word for half an hour. The enemy then had but to strike to have scattered the Continentals to the winds; but, the secret of that dreadful need was preserved among the officers. Every step was taken to bring in powder and stores from a distance. New Hampshire spared twenty barrels of "Sullivan's powder" to meet the immediate emergency. The enterprising Knox plunged into the Northern wilderness to drag from Ticonderoga the guns which alone made a siege practicable; and thus, by slow degrees, the mob before Boston began to assume the order and efficiency of an army.

The disasters in Canada to Montgomery and Arnold were followed by further reverses, and though Arnold remained before Quebec, and efforts were made to reinforce him, spring found him in such peril from daily-expected arrivals from Great Britain, that an evacuation of Canada was made by General Thomas, whom Congress had dispatched to assume charge of the Canada expedition. May 5th the retirement commenced under great disadvantages. The enemy, now well prepared for offense, pursued, and with the small-pox raging in the camps, Thomas had a terrible time of it. He himself fell a victim to the disease at Chambler, on the Sorrel river, June 2d, and in his death the American army lost a most gallant and able man. Sullivan was hastily dispatched to take Thomas' command. He thought, for a while, to remain on the Sorrel, and with proper rein-

forcements, to recover the positions just lost, but the British forces on his front were too much for his army's safety; so he retreated southward with his dispirited and sickly troops. Reaching Crown Point, he was there met by General Gates, armed with special authority to take command of the Northern army.

This sudden superseding gave Sullivan as great displeasure as Gates' assumption of independent command, in Schuyler's department, gave the department commander offense, and, like Schuyler, he intimated to Congress his wish to resign. Before Gates' appointment to the army operating in Canada, Washington had written a private letter to the president of Congress designed to prevent Sullivan's superseding; but Gates, with his contempt for self-made soldiers, and his assumption of superiority, found many in and out of Congress to defer to his claims, and until after the explosion of the "Conway cabal"—which had for its sole purpose the promotion of Gates to the supreme command of the Continental armies—he had almost a clear field, to choose any command he coveted.

Sullivan visited Congress, at Philadelphia, bearing with him the address signed by Wayne, St. Clair, Poor, Stark and Hazen—all of whom had served under him—expressing admiration of his character and soldier's ability. This being presented, before his resignation was submitted, he was requested to remain, and joining the army under Washington, he was equally pleased and surprised at receiving a Major-General's commission, dated August 9th (1776).

Washington was then struggling to retain possession of New York city, and [see sketches of Greene and Putnam] as strong and extensive works were thrown up on Long Island, from Gowanus bay on the west to Wallabout swamp on the east, as the available troops could man.

Greene falling sick at the critical moment, Putnam was given general command, while Lord Stirling was assigned to the American left and Sullivan to the right. The main lines were advanced to the heavily-wooded hills beyond, in which to first receive the enemy, who, by landing just east of where Fort Hamilton now stands, (Aug. 22d.) showed that his first design was to capture Brooklyn, if possible, and then place New York city under guns planted on Brooklyn Heights.

Howe moved with slow and cautious steps. General Grant advanced against Stirling, and Sir Henry Clinton took the British right, advancing by way of Flatbush. Cornwallis' corps tried the pass through the hills by the Flatbush road, but was brought to a stand by Col. Hand's riflemen, guarding that approach. Clinton then left De Heister's corps of Hessians on Hand's front, while he, with his main body, made a night march (Aug. 26th) to the Jamaica road, which he learned by Tory spies had been left but slightly guarded by the militia, without outposts or patrols. Over this road he passed around Sullivan's position in the Bedford Hills, and early on the 27th was between Sullivan and the entrenched lines.

The battle commenced by De Heister assaulting the Flatbush pass, which Col. Hand still guarded and defended. Sullivan, at the first sound of guns at dawn, rode over to Hand's position, when he was astounded by the roar of artillery on his flank and rear!

Hastening back he learned to his dismay that the enemy in powerful force were really between his advance and the entrenched lines. He ordered an immediate movement from the hills to endeavor to force his way to the intrenchments, but was confronted, as his men came out of the woods, by a very severe fire and driven back into the woods. De Heister, having forced the Flatbush pass, now came up with his whole corps, and swarming over the hills, descended on Sullivan's disordered regiments. Then followed a terrific struggle. The Hessians used the bayonet on the two regiments of Miles and Williams, and slaughtered the Americans in cold blood. Cornwallis pressed Sullivan's ranks from below, and thus the whole American left was literally between two fires—outnumbered, outgeneraled, ridden down by dragons with sabers, riddled by solid infantry fire, cut and torn by light batteries that commanded every avenue of escape. All through that hot August morning the fierce battle raged. The Americans scattered in the hills only to be slaughtered by Hessians, who took few prisoners, or to be captured by the more humane Britons. A few of the Americans cut their way through to the intrenchments, but the bulk of Sullivan's forces were flying fugitives in the hills, or were among the killed, wounded and prisoners—Sullivan himself among the captives.

Washington was quickly in the intrenchments, on the opening of the battle, and witnessed a disaster no skill could avert. The loss of Sullivan was followed by Lord Stirling's defeat and capture, after a most bloody resistance against overwhelming numbers, and Washington saw that the enemy had but to assault the intrenchments to possess them all, manned as they were by inexperienced militia. But Lord Howe forbade any assault. He was a humane and generous foe; and on the night of Aug. 28th what was left of the American troops on Long Island retreated over East river, under Washington's direct supervision.

Sullivan was given his parole and dispatched by Howe, with a letter to the Continental Congress—one of his numerous efforts to secure some arrangement for terms of peace, but Congress had, even in the dreadful depression and consternation which followed the battle of Long Island, the loss of New York, and Washington's forced retreat through New Jersey, no ear for peace other than independence; and so the war went on.

Sullivan, soon exchanged for General Prescott, at once returned to headquarters. He was in command of one of the four divisions of Washington's army in its dogged retreat to the Delaware, across New Jersey; and after Lee's capture in the tavern at Basking Ridge brought in the troops (Dec. 20th) which Lee had, with singular perverseness, so long kept from reaching headquarters, west of the Delaware. In the coup de main on Trenton (Dec. 26th) Sullivan commanded one of the two columns of advance, and with the commander-in-chief, shared the glory of that memorable bit, and his division participated in the counter-march which planted the American army for the winter at Morristown.

In the succeeding year's operations Sullivan was busy enough. The enemy's baffling movements made it very difficult for Washington to keep his troops properly disposed. Sullivan was at one moment in Peekskill; then again in New Jersey, and when the American army hastened to defend Philadelphia (August, 1777) Sullivan was at Hanover, watching the British on Staten Island. A spirited dash, meant for a surprise, was led by him in person, on the night of Aug. 21st, on Staten Island, in which, after a gratifying success, he lost his rear guard in leaving the island. A court of inquiry which investigated this affair complimented the General.

Howe having appeared below Philadelphia, all Washington's available force was concentrated on the Brandywine creek. Sullivan

commanded the right wing and was driven in by Howe (Sept. 11th), who precipitated his chief strength on the movement to turn the American right. The fight was severe, and ended by a retreat of the American army. For this discomfiture Sullivan was again "investigated" and again he was exonerated. Indeed, he won plaudits in plenty for his valor and enterprise during that hard-contested day.

In the battle of Germantown (Oct. 4th), where a surprise was attempted to Sullivan and Wayne were committed the leadership—Sullivan again leading the right wing. It was a glorious day's work, which just escaped being a great and signal victory. Sullivan received high compliment for his share of the work.

In the spring of 1778 he was detailed to the command of the forces in Rhode Island, to operate against the British holding Newport. The French fleet having appeared July, a concerted land and naval attack on Newport was arranged, but when everything was ready for the blow, a British fleet appeared off Newport, and the French admiral at once put to sea (Aug. 9th), leaving Sullivan to fight it out alone. He could not now assault but could lay siege to the place, and proceeded to do so, but was forced [see sketches of Greene and Lafayette] to abandon the enterprise as too much for his force. In the retreat, which commenced on the night of Aug. 28th, the British, under Sir Robert Pigot, assailed. Several severe contests ensued. Pigot's purpose was to hold Sullivan until Sir Henry Clinton could come in by sea, with powerful reinforcements from New York—hoping thus to capture Sullivan's whole army. But he was not to be caught, and by effecting a skillful retreat, on the night of Aug. 30th, he saved his army. For all of which he received a vote of thanks from Congress, Sept. 17th, (1778).

Sullivan remained in command in Rhode Island until the spring of 1779, when he was detailed by Washington to lead an army against the Iroquois Indians in New York, whose awful atrocities, under British leadership and instigation, had made their name a terror among all the northern border. Sullivan moved with three brigades, artillery, and a corps of riflemen, into the Iroquois country. There a fourth brigade under General James Clinton joined him (Aug. 23d). In a battle near Newtown (now Elmira), Aug. 31st, the Indians and British under Brandt and Sir John Johnson were severely routed; then the army went scouring through all the country of the Six Nations, destroying villages, crops, orchards, cattle, and every species of property, until the homes of the savages were indeed a desolation. That awful visitation almost ruined the six tribes. It was a dread work well performed. In that act ended the military career of John Sullivan, for he resigned all command in November, and returned to his law practice.

He was sent to Congress in 1780 and for a succeeding term—was attorney-general for New Hampshire—was a member of the convention which formed the State constitution—was President of the convention which adopted the constitution of the new Federal Union—was governor of the State, 1788—9; then was named Justice of the Federal Court for the district of New Hampshire, and retained that most honorable and eminent position until his death, at Durham, Jan. 23d, 1795.

Of the men of the Revolution New Hampshire—"The Granite State"—holds Sullivan's memory most dear; and no name in all the record of the times that gave the Republic birth has a purer luster than that of John Sullivan, the Lawyer Patriot.

LA MASQUE,
The Vailed Sorceress;
OR,
THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION, AND MYSTERY.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWIN SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY,"
"ERMINIE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

LEOLINE.

In one instant Sir Norman was on his feet, and his hand on his sword. In the tarry darkness, neither the face nor figure of the intruder could be made out, but he merely saw a darker shadow beside him standing like a specter. Perhaps he might have thought it a ghost, but that the hand which grasped his shoulder was unmistakably of flesh, and blood, and muscle, and the breathing of its owner was distinctly audible by his side.

"Who are you?" demanded Sir Norman, drawing out his sword, and wrenching himself free from his unseen companion.
 "Ah! it is you, is it? I thought so," said a not unknown voice. "I have been calling you till I am hoarse, and at last gave it up, and started after you in despair. What are you doing here?"

"You, Ormiston!" exclaimed Sir Norman, in the last degree astonished. "How—when—what are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here? That's more to the purpose. Down flat on your face, with your head stuck through that hole. What is below there, anyway?"

"Never mind," said Sir Norman, hastily, who, for some reason quite unaccountable to himself, did not wish Ormiston to see. "There's nothing there in particular, but a lower range of vaults. Do you intend telling me what has brought you here?"

"Certainly; the very fleetest horse I could find in the city."

"Pshaw! You don't say so!" exclaimed Sir Norman, incredulously. "But I presume you had some object in taking such a gallop? May I ask what? Your anxious solicitude on my account, very likely?"

"Not precisely. But I say, Kingsley, what light is that shining through there? I mean to see."

"No, you won't," said Sir Norman, rapidly and noiselessly replacing his flag. "It's nothing. I tell you, but a number of will-o'-wisp's having a ball. Finally, and for the last time, Mr. Ormiston, will you have the goodness to tell me what has sent you here?"

"Come out to the air, then. I have no fancy for talking in this place; it smells like a tomb." "There is nothing wrong, I hope?" inquired Sir Norman, following his friend, and threading his way gingerly through the piles of rubbish in the profound darkness.

"Nothing wrong, but everything extremely right. Confound this place! It would be easier walking on live eels than through these winding and lumbered passages. Thank the fates, we are through them, at last, for there is the daylight, or, rather the twilight, and we have escaped without any bones broken."

They had reached the moldering and crumbling doorway, shown by a square of lighter darkness, and exchanged the damp, chill at-

mosphere of the vaults for the stagnant, sultry open air. Sir Norman, with a notion in his head that his dwarfish highness might have placed sentinels around his royal residence, endeavored to pierce the gloom in search of them. Though he could discover none, he still thought discretion the better part of valor, and stepped out into the road.

"Now, then, where are you going?" inquired Ormiston, following him.

"I don't wish to talk here; there is no telling who may be listening. Come along."

Ormiston glanced back at the gloomy ruin looming up like a black specter in the black-

ness.
 "Well, they must have a strong fancy for eavesdropping, I must say, who would go to that haunted heap to listen. What have you seen there, and where have you left your horse?"

"I told you before," said Sir Norman, rather impatiently, "that I have seen nothing—at least nothing you would care about; and my horse is waiting me at the Golden Crown."

"Very well, we have no time to lose; so get there as fast as you can, and mount him and ride as if the demon was after you back to London."

"Back to London! Is the man crazy? I shall do no such thing, let me tell you, tonight."

"Oh, just as you please," said Ormiston, with a great deal of indifference, considering the urgent nature of his former request. "You can do as you like, you know, and so can I—which, translated, means, I will go and tell her you have declined to come."

"Tell her! Tell what? What are you talking about? Hang it, man!" exclaimed Sir Norman, getting somewhat excited and profane. "What are you driving it? Can't you speak out and tell me at once?"

"I have told you!" said Ormiston, testily; "and I tell you again, she sent me in search of you, and if you don't choose to come, that's your own affair, and not mine."

This was a little too much for Sir Norman's overwrought feelings, and in the last degree of exasperation, he laid violent hands on the collar of Ormiston's doublet, and shook him as if he would have shaken the name out with a jerk. "I tell you what it is, Ormiston, you had better not aggravate me. I can stand a good deal, but I'm not exactly Moses or Job, and you had better mind what you're at. If you don't come to the point at once, and tell me who 'her' is, I'll throttle you where you stand; and so give you warning."

Half-indignant, and wholly laughing, Ormiston stepped back out of the way of his excited friend.

"I cry you mercy! In one word, then, I have been dispatched by a lady in search of you, and that lady is—Leoline."

It has always been one of the inscrutable mysteries in natural philosophy that I never could fathom, why men do not faint. Certain it is, I never yet heard of a man swooning from excess of surprise or joy, and perhaps that may account for Sir Norman's not doing so on the present occasion. But he came to an abrupt stand-still in their rapid career; and if it had not been quite so excessively dark, his friend would have beheld a countenance wonderful to look on, in its mixture of utter astonishment and sublime consternation.

"Leoline!" he faintly gasped. "Just stop a moment, Ormiston, and say that again—will you?"

"No," said Ormiston, hurrying unconcernedly on; "I shall do no such thing, for there is no time to lose, and if there was, I have no fancy for standing in this dismal road. Come on, man, and I'll tell you as we go."

Thus abjured, and seeing there was no help for it, Sir Norman, in a dazed and bewildered state, complied; and Ormiston promptly and briskly relaxed into business.

"You see, my dear fellow, to begin at the beginning, after you left, I stood at ease at La Masque's door awaiting that lady's return, and was presently rewarded by seeing her come up with an old woman called Prudence. Do you recollect the woman who rushed screaming out of the house of the dead bride?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, that was Prudence. She and La Masque were talking so earnestly they did not perceive me, and I—well, the fact is, Kingsley, I stayed and listened. Not a very handsome thing, perhaps, but I couldn't resist it. They were talking of some one they called Leoline, and I, in a moment, knew that it was your flame, and that neither of them knew any more of her whereabouts than we did."

"And yet La Masque told me to come here in search of her," interrupted Sir Norman.

"Very true! That was odd—wasn't it? This Prudence, it appears, was Leoline's nurse, and La Masque, too, seemed to have a certain authority over her; and between them, I learned she was to have been married this very night, and died—or, at least, Prudence thought so—an hour or two before the time."

"Then she was not married?" cried Sir Norman, in an ecstasy of delight.

"Not a bit of it; and what is more, didn't want to be; and judging from the remarks of Prudence, I should say, rather preferred the plague of the two."

"Then why was she going to do it? You don't mean to say she was forced?"

"Ah, but I do, though! Prudence owned it with the most charming candor in the world."

"Did you hear the name of the person she was to be married?" asked Sir Norman, with kindling eyes.

"I think not; they called him the count, if my memory serves me, and Prudence intimated that he knew nothing of the melancholy fate of Mistress Leoline. Most likely it was the person in the cloak and slouched hat we saw talking to the watchman."

Sir Norman said nothing, but he thought a good deal, and the burden of his thoughts was an ardent and heartfelt wish that the Count L'Estrange was once more under the swords of the three robbers, and waiting for him to ride to the rescue—that was all!

"La Masque urged Prudence to go back," continued Ormiston; "but Prudence respectfully declined, and went her way bemoaning the fate of her darling. When she was gone, I stepped up to Madam Masque, and there, lady's first words of greeting were an earnest hope that I had been edified and improved by what I had overheard."

"She saw you, then?" said Sir Norman.

"Saw me? I believe you! She has more eyes than ever Argus had, and each one is as sharp as a barbaric needle. Of course I apologized, and so on, and she forgave me handsomely, and then we fell to discoursing—need I tell you on what subject?"

"Love, of course," said Sir Norman.

"Yes, mingled with entreaties to take off her mask that would have moved a heart of stone. It moved what was better—the heart of La Masque; and, Kingsley, she has consented to do it; and she says that if, after seeing her face, I still love her, she will be my wife."

"Is it possible! My dear Ormiston, I congratulate you with all my heart!"

"Thank you! [After that, she left me, and I walked away in such a frenzy of delight that I couldn't have told whether I was treading this earth or the shining shores of the seventh heaven, when suddenly there flew past me a figure all in white—the figure of a bride, Kingsley, pursued by an excited mob. We were both near the river, and the first thing I knew, she was plumped into it, with the crowd behind, yelling to stop her, that she was ill of the plague." "Great Heaven! and was she drowned?"

"No; though that was not her fault. The Earl of Rochester and his page—you remember that page, I fancy—were out in their barge, and the earl picked her up. Then I got a boat, set out after her, claimed her—for I recognized her, of course—brought her ashore, and deposited her safe and sound in her own house. What do you think of that?"

"Ormiston," said Sir Norman, catching him by the shoulder, with a very excited face, "is this true?"

"True as preaching, Kingsley, every word of it! And the most extraordinary part of the business is, that her dip in cold water has effectually cured her of the plague; not a trace of it remains."

Sir Norman dropped his hand, and walked on, staring straight before him, perfectly speechless. In fact, no known language in the world could have done justice to his feelings at that precise period; for three times that night, in three different shapes, had he seen this same Leoline, and at the same moment he was watching her doctored out in royal state in the ruin. Ormiston had probably been assisting her from her cold bath in the river Thames. Astonishment and consternation are words altogether too feeble to express his state of mind; but one idea remained clear and bright amid all his mental chaos, and that was, that the Leoline he had fallen in love with dead, was awaiting him, alive and well, in London.

"Well," said Ormiston, "you don't speak! What do you think of all this?"

"Think! I can't think—I've got past that long ago!" replied his friend, hopelessly. "Did you really say Leoline was alive and well?"

"And waiting for you—yes, I did, and I repeat it; and the sooner you get back to town, the sooner you will see her; so don't loiter."

"Ormiston, what do you mean? Is it possible I can see her to-night?"

"Yes, it is; the dear creature is waiting for you even now. You see, after we got to the house, and she had consented to come to a trifle, mutual explanations ensued, by which it appeared she had run away from Sir Norman Kingsley's in a state of frenzy, had jumped into the river in a similar excited state of mind, and was most anxious to go down on her pretty knees and thank the aforesaid Sir Norman for saving her life. What could any one as gallant as myself do under these circumstances, but to set forth in quest of that gentleman? And she promptly consented to sit up and wait his coming, and dismissed me with her blessing. And, Kingsley, I've a private notion she is as deeply affected by you as you are by her; for, when I mentioned your name, she blushed, yea, verily to the roots of her hair; and when she spoke of you, couldn't so much as look me in the face—which is, you must own, a very bad symptom."

"Nonsense!" said Sir Norman, energetically. And had it been daylight, his friend would have seen that he blushed almost as extensively as the lady. "She doesn't know me."

"Ah, doesn't she, though! That shows all you know about it! She has seen you go past the window many and many a time; and to see you," said Ormiston, making a grimace under cover of the darkness, "is to love! She told me so herself."

"What! That she loved me?" exclaimed Sir Norman, his notions of propriety to the last degree shocked by such a revelation.

"Not altogether, she only looked that; but she said she knew you well by sight, and by heart, too, as I inferred from her countenance when she said it. There, now, don't make me talk any more, for I have told you everything I know, and am about hoarse with my exertions."

"One thing only—did she tell you who she was?"

"No, except that her name was Leoline, and nothing else—which struck me as being slightly impossible. Doubtless she will tell you everything, and one piece of advice I may venture to give you, which is, you may propose as soon as you like, without fear of rejection. Here we are at the Golden Crown, so go in and get your horse, and let us be off."

All this time Ormiston had been leading his own horse by the bridle, and as Sir Norman silently complied with his suggestion, in five minutes they were in their saddles, and galloping at break-neck speed toward the city. To tell the truth, one was not more inclined for silence than the other, and the profoundest and thoughtfulest silence was maintained till they reached it. One was thinking of Leoline, the other of La Masque, and both were very badly in love, and just at that particular moment, very happy. Of course, the happiness of people in that state never lasts longer than half an hour at a stretch, and then they are plunged back again into misery and distraction; but while it does last, it is very intense and delightful indeed.

Our two friends, having drained the bitters, had got to the sugar at the bottom of the cup, and neither knew that no sooner were the sweets swallowed, than it was to be replenished with a doubly-bitter dose. Neither of them dismounted till they reached the house of Leoline, and there Sir Norman secured his horse, and looked up at it with a beating heart. Not that it was very unusual for his heart to beat, seeing it never did anything else; but on that occasion its motion was so much accelerated, that any doctor feeling his pulse might have justly set him down as a bad case of heart-disease. A small, bright ray of light streamed like a beacon of hope from an upper window, and the lover looked at it as a clouded mariner might at the shining of the North Star.

"Are you coming in, Ormiston?" he inquired, feeling, for the first time in his life, almost bashful. "It seems to me it would only be right, you know."

"I don't mind going in and introducing you," said Ormiston, "but after you have been delivered over, you may fight your own battles, and take care of yourself. Come on."

The door was unfastened, and Ormiston sprang up-stairs with the air of a man quite at home, followed more decorously by Sir Norman. The door of the lady's room stood ajar, as he had left it, and in answer to his "tapping at the chamber-door," a sweet female voice called, "Come in."

Ormiston promptly obeyed, and the next instant they were in the room, and in the presence of the dead bride. Certainly she did not look dead, but very much alive, just then, as she sat in an easy-chair, drawn up before the dressing-table, on which stood the solitary lamp that illumined the chamber. In one hand she held a small mirror, or, as it was then called, a "sprinkling-glass," in which she was contemplating her own beauty, with as much satisfac-

* The "Port bill" of the British Parliament, which ordered the port of Boston to be closed against all commerce, to punish the town for its numerous acts of rebellion and disloyalty, was announced in Boston, May 10th, 1774. The provincial assembly, even, was adjourned to Salem, by order of the Royal Governor; whereupon it there met and at once, before the Governor could interfere, resolved "that the present state of the colonies made it necessary that a Congress, composed of delegates from all the colonies, should assemble, to take their affairs into the most serious consideration," and proceeded to elect as Massachusetts' delegates to such a Congress, James Bowdoin, Thomas Cushing, Samuel Adams, John Adams and Robert Treat Paine. Eleven of the colonies responded, and the first Congress met at Philadelphia, as stated. Georgia alone was unrepresented in that most august and important assembly.

tion as any other pretty girl might justly do. She had changed her drenched dress during Ormiston's absence, and now sat arrayed in a swelling amplitude of rose-colored satin, her dark hair clasped and bound by a circle of milk-white pearls, and her pale, beautiful face looking ten degrees more beautiful than ever, in contrast with the bright rose-silk, shining dark hair, and rich white jewels. She rose up as they entered, and came forward with the same glow in her face and the same light in her eyes that one of them had seen before, and stood with drooping eyelashes, lovely as a vision, in the center of the room.

"You see I have lost no time in obeying your ladyship's commands," began Ormiston, bowing low.

"Miss Leoline, allow me to present Sir Norman Kingsley."

Sir Norman Kingsley bent almost as profoundly before the lady as the lord high chancellor had done before Queen Miranda; and the lady courtesied, in return, until her pink-satin skirt ballooned out all over the floor. It was quite an affecting tableau. And so Ormiston felt, as he stood eying it with preternatural gravity.

"I owe my life to Sir Norman Kingsley," murmured the faint, sweet voice of the lady, "and could not rest until I had thanked him. I have no words to say how deeply thankful and grateful I am."

"Fairest Leoline! one word from such lips would be enough to repay me, had I done a thousandfold more," responded Sir Norman, laying his hand on her heart, with another deep genuflection.

"Very pretty, indeed!" remarked Ormiston to himself, with a little approving nod, "but I'm afraid they won't be able to keep it up, and go on talking on stills like that, till they have finished. Perhaps they may get on all the better if I take myself off, three being always one too many in a case like this." Then, aloud: "Madam, I regret that I am obliged to depart, having a most particular appointment; but, doubtless, my friend will be able to express himself without my assistance. I have the honor to wish you both good-night."

With which neat and appropriate speech, Ormiston bowed himself out, and was gone before Leoline could detain him, even if she wished to do so. Probably, however, she thought the care of one gentleman sufficient responsibility at once; for she did not look very seriously distressed by his departure; and, the moment he disappeared, Sir Norman brightened up wonderfully. It is very discomfiting to the feelings to make love in the presence of a third party; and Sir Norman had no intention of wasting his time on any thing, and went at it immediately. Taking her hand, with a grace that would have beaten Sir Charles Grandison or Lord Chesterfield all to nothing, he led her to a couch, and took a seat as near her as was at all polite or proper, considering the brief nature of their acquaintance. The curtains were drawn; the lamp shed a faint light; the house was still, and there was no intrusive papa to pounce down upon them; the lady was looking down, and seemed in no way haughty or discouraging, and Sir Norman's spirits went up with a jump to boiling-point. Yet the lady, with all her pretty bashfulness, was the first to speak.

"I am afraid, Sir Norman, you must think this a singular hour to come here; but, in these dreadful times, we cannot tell if we may live from one moment to another; and I should not like to die, or have you die, without my telling, and you hearing, all my gratitude. For I do assure you, Sir Norman," lifting her dark eyes with the prettiest and most bewitching earnestness, "that I am grateful, though I cannot find words to express it."

"Madam, I would not listen to you if you would, for I have done nothing to deserve thanks. I wish I could tell you what I felt when Ormiston told me you were alive and safe."

"You are very kind; but pray do not call me madam. Say Leoline."

"A thousand thanks, dear Leoline!" exclaimed Sir Norman, raising her hand to his lips, and quite beside himself with ecstasy.

"Ah, I did not tell you to say that!" she cried, with a gay laugh and vivid blush. "I never said you were to call me dear."

"It arose from my heart to my lips," said Sir Norman, with thrilling earnestness and a fervid glance; "for you are dear to me—dearer than all the world beside!"

The flush took a deeper glow on the lady's face; but, singular to relate, she did not look the least surprised or displeased; and the hand he had feloniously purloined lay passive and quite contented in his.

"Sir Norman Kingsley is pleased to jest," said the lady, in a subdued tone, and with her eyes fixed pertinaciously on her shining dress; "for he has never spoken to me before in his life."

"That has nothing to do with it, Leoline. I love you as devotedly as if I had known you from your birth-day; and, strange to say, I feel as if we had been friends for years instead of minutes. I cannot realize at all that you are a stranger to me!"

Leoline laughed.

"Nor I, though, for that matter, you are not a stranger to me, Sir Norman!"

"Am I not? How is that?"

"I have seen you go past so often, you know, and Prudence told me who you were; and so I used—I used—" hesitating and glowing to a degree before which her dress paled.

"Well, dearest," said Sir Norman, getting from the positive to the superlative at a jump, and diminishing the distance between them, "you used to—what?"

"To watch for you!" said Leoline, in a sly whisper. "And so I have got to know you very well."

"My own darling! And, oh, Leoline! may I hope—dare I hope—that you do not altogether hate me?"

Leoline looked reflective; though her black eyes were flashing under their sweeping lashes.

"Why, no," she said, demurely, "I don't know as I do. It's very sinful and improper to hate one's fellow-creatures, you know, Sir Norman, and therefore I don't indulge in it."

"Ah, you are given to piety, I see. In that case, perhaps you are aware of a precept commanding us to love our neighbors. Now, I'm your nearest neighbor at present; so, to keep up a consistent Christian spirit, just be good enough to say you love me!"

Again Leoline laughed, and this time the bright, dancing eyes beamed in their sparkling darkness full upon him.

"I am afraid your theology is not very sound, my friend, and I have a dislike to extremes. There is a middle course between hating and loving. Suppose I take that?"

"I will have no middle courses—either hating or loving it must be. Leoline! Leoline!" bending over her and imprisoning both hands this time, "do say you love me!"

"I am captive in your hands, and must, I suppose. Yes, Sir Norman, I do love you!"

Every man hearing that for the first time from a pair of loved lips is privileged to go mad for a brief season, and to go through certain

maneuvers much more delectable to the enjoyers thereof than to society at large. For fully ten minutes after Leoline's last speech, there was profound silence. But actions sometimes speak louder than words, and Leoline was perfectly convinced that her declaration had not fallen on insensible ears. At the end of that period, the space between them on the couch had so greatly diminished, that the ghost of a zephyr would have been crushed to death trying to get between them, and Sir Norman's face was fairly radiant. Leoline herself looked rather beaming, and she suddenly, and without provocation, burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"Well, for two people who were perfect strangers to each other half an hour ago, I think we have gone on remarkably well. What will Mr. Ormiston and Prudence say, I wonder, when they hear this?"

"They will say what is the truth—that I am the luckiest man in England. Oh, Leoline! I never thought it was in me to love any one as I do you."

"I am very glad to hear it; but I knew that it was in me long before I ever dreamed of knowing you. Are you not anxious to know something about the future Lady Kingsley's past history?"

"It will all come in good time; it is not well to have a surfeit of joy in one night."

"I do not know that this will add to your joy; but it had better be told and be done with, at once and forever. In the first place, I presume I am an orphan, for I have never known father or mother; and I have never had any other name but Leoline!"

"So Ormiston told me."

"My first recollection is of Prudence; she was my nurse and governess, both in one; and we lived in a cottage by the sea—I don't know where, but a long way from this. When I was about ten years old, we left it, and came to London, and lived in a house in Cheapside, for five or six years; and then we moved here. And all this time, Sir Norman—you will think it strange—but I never made any friends or acquaintances, and knew no one but Prudence and an old Italian professor, who came to our lodgings in Cheapside, every week, to give me lessons. It was not because I disliked society, you must know; but Prudence, with all her kindness and goodness—and I believe she truly loves me—has been nothing more or less all my life than my jailer."

She paused to clasp a belt of silver brocade, fastened by a pearl buckle, close around her little waist, and Sir Norman fixed his eyes upon her beautiful face, with a powerful glance: "Knew no one—that is strange, Leoline! Not even the Count L'Estrange?"

"Ah! you know him!" she cried, eagerly, lifting her eyes with a bright look; "do—do tell me who he is!"

"Upon my honor, my dear," said Sir Norman, considerably taken aback, "it strikes me you are the person to answer that question. If I don't greatly mistake, somebody told me you were going to marry him."

"Oh, so I was," said Leoline, with the utmost simplicity. "But I don't know him, for all that; and more than that, Sir Norman, I do not believe his name is Count L'Estrange, any more than mine is!"

"Precisely my opinion; but why, in the name of—, no, I'll not swear; but why were you going to marry him, Leoline?"

Leoline half-pouted, and shrugged her pretty pink-satin shoulders.

"Because I couldn't help it—that's why. He coaxed, and coaxed; and I said no, and no, and no, until I got tired of it. Prudence, too, was as bad as he was, until between them I got about distracted, and at last consented to marry him to get rid of him."

"My poor, persecuted little darling! Oh," cried Sir Norman, with a burst of enthusiasm, "how I should admire to have Count L'Estrange here for about ten minutes, just now! I would spoil his next wooing for him, or I am mistaken!"

"No, no!" said Leoline, looking rather alarmed; "you must not fight, you know. I shouldn't at all like either of you to get killed. Besides, he has not married me; and so there's no harm done."

Sir Norman seemed rather struck by that view of the case, and after a few moments' reflection on it, came to the conclusion that she knew best, and settled down peaceably again.

"Why do you suppose his name is not Count L'Estrange?" he asked.

"For many reasons. First—he is disguised; wears false whiskers, moustache and wig, and even the voice he uses appears assumed. Then Prudence seems in the greatest awe of him, and she is not one to be easily awed. I never knew her to be in the slightest degree intimidated by any human being but himself and that mysterious woman, La Masque."

"Ah! you know La Masque, then?"

"Not personally; but I have seen her as I did you, you remember," with an arch glance; "and, like you, being once seen, is not to be forgotten."

Sir Norman promptly paid her for the compliment in Cupid's own coin.

"Little flatterer! I can almost forgive Count L'Estrange for wanting to marry you; for I presume he is only a man, and not quite equal to impossibilities. How long is it since you knew him first?"

"Not two months. My courtships," said Leoline, with a gay laugh, "seem destined to be of the shortest. He saw me one evening in the window, and immediately insisted on being admitted; and, after that, he continued coming until I had to promise, as I have told you, to be Countess L'Estrange."

"He cannot be much of a gentleman, or he would not attempt to force a lady against her will. And so, when you were dressed for your bridal, you found you had the plague?"

"Yes, Sir Norman; and horrible as that was I do assure you I almost preferred it to marrying him."

"Leoline, tell me how long it is since you've known me?"

"Nearly three months," said Leoline, blushing again celestially red.

"And how long have you loved me?"

"Nonsense. What a question! I shall not tell you."

"You shall—you must—I insist upon it. Did you love me before you met the count? Out with it."

"Well, then—yes!" cried Leoline, desperately.

Sir Norman raised the hand he held in rapture to his lips.

"My darling! But I will reserve my raptures, for it is growing late, and I know you must want to go to rest. I have a thousand things to tell you, but they must wait for day-light; only I will premise, before parting, that this is the last night you must spend here."

Leoline opened her bright eyes very wide.

"To-morrow morning," went on Sir Norman, impressively, and with dignity, "you will be up and dressed by sunrise, and shortly after that radiant period I will make my appearance with two horses—one of which I shall ride, and the other I shall lead; the one I lead you shall

mount, and we will ride to the nearest church, and be married without any pomp or pageant; and then Sir Norman and Lady Kingsley will immediately leave London, and in Kingsley Castle, Devonshire, will enjoy the honeymoon and blissful repose till the plague is over. Do you understand that?"

"Perfectly," she answered, with a radiant face.

"And agree to it?"

"You know I do, Sir Norman; only—"

"Well, my pet, only what?"

"Sir Norman, I should like to see Prudence. I want Prudence. How can I leave her behind?"

"My dear child, she made nothing of leaving you when she thought you were dying; so never mind Prudence, but say will you be ready?"

"I will."

"That is my good little Leoline. Now give me a kiss, Lady Kingsley, and good-night."

Lady Kingsley dutifully obeyed; and Sir Norman went out with a glow at his heart, like a halo round a full moon.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 327.)

THE OLD MAN'S REVERY.

BY D. B. M.

Days of vanished youth! I love thee,
And with fond delight I dwell
On past scenes, that hover near me,
Bound by Memory's mystic spell.

Far adown Time's winding river
On my bark doth ever glide,
To those waters, which forever
Flow on to the endless sea.

Yet, methinks, as still I'm dreaming
Of those sunlit days of yore,
That their skies for me are gleaming,
And I am a youth once more.

Past visions sweet, in long array,
Doth through my memory glide,
As I the misty past survey
In solitude, at eventide.

Through all of life's meandering ways
An unseen hand has led me on;
With a grateful heart my soul surveys
God's goodness, in life's setting sun.

And as upon the brink of Time
I silently fingering stand,
Realize well this truth sublime,
Thinking of that better land.

Then farewell! vanished days of yore;
Yet thou'rt a solace to old age;
Though I behold thy scenes no more,
Thy memories will my grief assuage.

Without a Heart: OR, WALKING ON THE BRINK.

A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPY,"
"TRACKED THROUGH LIFE,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

It was a gloomy day, and yet one of intense excitement, in the little Southern town, when Howard Moulton was brought to trial for the cruel assassination of his step-brother and commanding officer.

By a strange train of circumstances many almost convincing proofs of the prisoner's guilt had been brought up, and it was believed by every one, with a few exceptions, that he had done the deed, and that his life would end on the gallows, as he deserved.

At length the court was opened, and the prisoner was brought in, calm, pale, and weary-looking.

From his seat near by, Clarence Erskine watched every proceeding with his eagle eye, and it was but a few moments before he caused the opposing counsel to fear him, the judge to respect him, and those in attendance to listen anxiously for his cutting home-thrusts at witness and opponent.

But, gradually a chain of damaging evidence began to encircle the prisoner, for it was told how once before, he had slain his superior officer in a duel, and was dismissed from the navy as a punishment; then his fast life that followed his dismissal was brought up, until at length he became an officer in the revenue service, when all knew him as a moody, stern man.

Then witnesses were summoned who said that they always believed Howard Moulton to be envious of his brother's rank, for he was ten years the senior of Captain Lambert.

Again, it was proven, by the will of Burr Lambert, made at the time he was appointed to the command of the Eaglet, that Howard Moulton was to be his heir, for the young captain possessed a considerable fortune.

As gold is the god of most men, and women too, this testimony caused a general murmur around the crowded court-room, boding a stronger belief in the guilt of the prisoner, and many thought that they saw the real cause of the murder.

But others, the sentimentally inclined, discerned another cause for the fratricidal crime, when Eve was summoned to the witness stand, and was compelled to state whether Howard Moulton had ever been her lover.

The answer came faintly, and with reluctance, that the lieutenant had asked her to be his wife.

"Did you refuse him because you were engaged to his brother?" asked the lawyer on the prosecution.

"I declined the hand of Lieutenant Moulton; but I was never engaged to Captain Lambert," firmly replied the maiden.

This information caused a sensation in court, and many gossippers hung their diminished heads, for having so reported.

After the withdrawal of Eve, an under-officer of the Eaglet was called, who testified to having heard, through the open door of the cabin, a conversation between his commander and the prisoner, in which the latter said he would give his very soul to win the love of Eve Erskine.

A junior lieutenant then was placed upon the stand, who had been the officer of the deck, the night of the murder.

He stated upon oath that his commander had come from the cabin shortly after six bells—eleven o'clock—and held in his hand his gut-ter.

Then he had called his gig alongside, entered it and sailed away shoreward.

Half an hour after, the officer went on to reluctantly state, under the close questioning of the lawyer for the prosecution, that Lieutenant Moulton had called away the third cutter, and, entering it, had sailed away on the same course taken by the captain.

"How was Lieutenant Moulton dressed, sir?" asked the lawyer.

"In his undress uniform."

"Did he wear his cap and a cloak, sir?"

"He wore a slouch hat and heavy cloak, sir."

Eve was then recalled to the stand, and was compelled to describe the assassin as he appeared to her in her glance from the window.

Her description was that the man wore a slouch hat and heavy cloak—she did not see his face.

Here was certainly circumstantial evidence enough to cover the prisoner with guilt; but Clarence Erskine still looked confident, and his biting sarcasm in cross-questioning increased, to the delight of those of the audience who could appreciate his wit and keen hits at witness and antagonist.

Then another witness was called—Clinton Clarendon.

Eve Erskine and the colonel both started as the young planter took the stand, for they wondered how he could in any way be connected with this most unfortunate trial.

With a calm face, pale but indifferent to the gaze turned upon him, Clinton Clarendon awaited to tell his story, either for or against the prisoner.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONDEMNED.

AMID the breathless silence of the court-room Clinton Clarendon gave his testimony in a clear, earnest voice, and with an eye that looked squarely into the face of Clarence Erskine, every time the young lawyer checked him with a question.

In a voice heard at the rear of the court-room he said:

"Upon the night of the murder of Captain Lambert I took tea at Wildliffe, with Colonel Erskine and his daughter."

"I sailed up to Colonel Erskine's in my little yacht, accompanied by my negro boatman, Buck."

"It was a little after eleven o'clock when I left the pier and stood out to sea, it being my intention to take advantage of the moonlight and run down the coast to the city."

"As it was coming on to blow I luffed up to take a reef in my sail, and as Buck and myself were reefing a small boat passed me quickly, and in it I recognized Captain Lambert."

"He hailed me pleasantly, said he was going to serenade Miss Erskine, and passed on."

"As I got again under way, a second and larger boat passed, standing on in the wake of the gig."

"We passed near to each other, and the single occupant of the boat saluted, and I remarked that he was carrying too much canvas for the breeze blowing."

"He made no reply, and, while he stood on toward the Wildliffe pier, I held my course out of the bay."

"When near the center of the bay a squall suddenly swept down upon me, and in an instant my little boat was thrown over upon her beam-ends, and I was dashed down into the cockpit."

"When I regained my feet, I saw with horror that my negro companion had disappeared. 'Loudly I shouted to him, but no reply coming, I set to work to drag down my sail, in the endeavor to right my boat.'

"After very hard work, I got my boat right side up, and my sail aboard, and at once commenced to free the craft from water."

"While I was thus engaged, the storm increased, and glancing to windward I saw with surprise the largest of the two boats, that had before passed me, standing back toward the Eaglet, which was anchored under the shelter of the arm of the outer bay, two miles away."

"Astounded at the foolhardiness of a man who would risk himself in such a blow in so small a boat, I hailed him, determined to ask him to run down to me, and get aboard my far more seaworthy craft."

"He returned no reply to my hail, but laughed out loudly and wildly, at the same time shouting:

"My path is free now, now, for twice have I hurled those from it who would thwart me in my love."

"At once there was an intense excitement in court, and thrice had the crowd to be called to order before they obeyed."

As for the prisoner, his face turned to the hue of death, and he wildly stared toward the witness, who met his gaze with an expression of sympathy in his own eyes.

Then Howard Moulton gave a deep sigh, and his face sunk forward upon his breast.

Eve buried her beautiful face in her gloved hands, and Colonel Erskine appeared deeply moved.

The judge the jury, even the associate lawyer for the defense, seemed to feel that the prisoner was doomed.

But Clarence Erskine's handsome stern face never changed color, and still there shone in his eagle eyes the light of a triumphant confidence.

Again Clinton Clarendon went on:

"Notwithstanding my hailing, the boat stood on, its occupant still laughing wildly."

"Was that occupant the prisoner at the bar, sir?"

"I am sorry to say that it was, sir."

"Go on, Mr. Clarendon."

"As soon as my boat was again in readiness, I hoisted my sail and stood out of the bay."

"Deserting your boatman to his fate, Mr. Clarendon?" put in Clarence Erskine.

"I felt that he was doomed, sir; the boom doubtless struck him, knocking him senseless, or he would have replied to my calls—or swam back to the boat, for he was a splendid swimmer."

"What did you see as you passed through the inlet, sir?"

"I saw the cutter standing across my bow on the starboard coast, and heading directly for the Eaglet, a quarter of a mile distant."

"Was the occupant of the boat still gesticulating and crying out?"

"No, sir; he was seated quietly in the stern, and I ceased to watch him more, for I stood on down the coast to the city, where I was compelled to be, the following day."

The officer who had been in charge of the deck, the night of the assassination, was then recalled and asked what time it was when Lieutenant Moulton returned on board.

"I went off at eight bells—twelve o'clock—but the officer who followed my watch said that it was some time after I turned in, and that he had come aboard in a gale, and it was a wonder how the cutter lived in the blow."

Then was it that every proof of Howard Moulton's guilt seemed to come out, and that he was a doomed man all felt.

When Clarence Erskine arose to plead for the prisoner, he was listened to amid a breathless silence, and for four hours his ringing tones held his hearers spellbound, and his telling argument changed the opinion of a few in favor of his client; but the jury was unmoved, and without leaving their box they returned the verdict:

"Guilty of murder in the first degree."

A shade of disappointment swept over the face of Clarence Erskine at this decision, and he glanced quickly toward the prisoner.

He alone seemed unmoved; he had made up his mind as to his fate, and with a calm face,

and iron nerve received his sentence—death on the gallows, three months from that very day.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

By his masterly effort in defense of Howard Moulton, although his splendid oratorical powers and pointed argument had proven fruitless, Clarence Erskine won for himself an enviable name.

From the time of the trial Clarence formed friends by the score, and Wildliffe was constantly open to the numerous guests who flocked thither.

Among those who became constant visitors at the beautiful home, was Clinton Clarendon, who seemed strangely gay, for one of his rather moody nature.

But, though he constantly sought a private interview with Eve, she as persistently avoided it, at the same time endeavoring to prove to him that she was most devoted to Clarence Erskine.

what I saw there, lying where the moonlight streamed in upon him?"

He seemed to supplicate her to spare him, yet he spoke no word, and with a cruel smile she went on:

"The driver saw me enter the church; the next day the murder was known, and I was tracked, arrested, and accused of being the murderer of an old man, whose only crime was in marrying me to you."

"Clarence Erskine saved me from the gallows, and I love him as passionately as I hate you."

"Now you can see that there is no proof of our marriage, and that I can become the wife of the man whom I love without your raising one finger to prevent. Yes, I can now defy you, and I do here defy you to do your worst."

Clinton Clarendon slowly turned away, and without a word left the mansion.

A moment after Eve saw him spring into his boat and sail away homeward.

Then she laughed a laugh that had a certain triumphant ring in its tone, and said, half aloud:

"So far I am ahead of the hounds! He dare not hurt me, for he knows his neck is in the gallows' noose and I hold the end of the rope."

"Well, I have risked much, but it is to gain much—for I love Clarence Erskine with all my heart. No, I forget; I am without a heart!"

So saying, she tossed her haughty head and ran out to greet Colonel Erskine and his son, who just then drove up to the door, and as they looked upon the beautiful, joyous face that welcomed them, they little dreamed that it was a mask that hid an abyss of sin beneath.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 323.)

HEROES.

BY HARRY S. BROWN.

They come to us no more at eventful,
When summer days are ended;
But still their voices seem to softly call
To us with sorrow blended.

They come no more on freedom's happy days
When bugles sweet are blowing;
And soft and low we hear the heroes' praise
In smothered numbers flowing.

They come no more when Nature's forest-halls
Are hung with vernal beauty;
For he can ne'er return who fights and falls
Upon the field of duty.

It was their lot to fight upon the field
Around their ensigns streaming;
And then, to rest beneath the battered shield
On which their fame is gleaming.

They sleep in peace where willow branches
Toss their leaves above the clover;
Above the grass bedecked with fern and moss,
Their sainted spirits hover.

Long may their memory live! long may they rest
In peaceful sleep unbroken!
Long may we deck the graves with many a
And well-beloved token!

The Cross of Carlyon:

OR,

THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

A TIMELY WEAPON.

WILFORD WYNE enjoyed his repose until Mrs. Boggles rapped on the door, saying, with an accent cracked and harsh, like a file on a copper kettle:

"Maybe the young Miss 'd like a bite o' some thin' sure, Mr. Wynne?"

"Hey?" exclaimed Wynne, starting up and rubbing his eyes. "Yes. By all means, my good Mrs. Boggles. Bring up a tray full of something particularly tempting."

He had the door open, and received the morning paper from Mrs. Boggles. Then, while the bag of a landlady hurried to obey his order, Wynne proceeded to rearrange his disordered toilet. Remodeled to his exquisite satisfaction, he drew up the window curtain, opened the newspaper and glanced over its columns—his usual custom. But it did not interest him this morning.

"I think," ran in his mind, as he nervously tossed the dull sheet aside, "that I am not such an ill-looking fellow, after all, for a lovely woman to marry. I also think, friend Arly, that I am not the fool you take me for. Once let me get the matrimonial bond round this beautiful woman and her money, and you may whistle to the tune of cipher for a share in the spoils. Ah!" and here he toyed with his mustache in idle complacency—"a cool \$100,000, at least in cash; and then that estate they talk about," pulling the other side of his mustache—"must be worth another hundred thousand. A vast estate, with a grand old mansion. Um! Ah! I always thought that I would one day be proprietor of a palace, or a hotel, or something of the sort. But now—and here he twirled both ends of his mustache until they stood out like the horns of a snail—"my charming Christabel, your self-advanced will pay a morning call."

Mrs. Boggles presently returned with a tray of steaming eatables.

"Inform her that I will be in to see her in a few minutes," he said, with a nod, to Mrs. Boggles, and sliding the bolts, that the landlady might enter the prison room.

And at precisely one o'clock, p. m., Wilford Wynne introduced his unwelcome presence.

To his surprise and satisfaction, he found Christabel partaking heartily of the repast. He had expected to see her sulky and fierce simultaneously.

"Ah, Christabel! I perceive you are a sensible woman."

"Indeed?"

"You have a good appetite," smiling blandly.

"Naturally, after fasting so long."

"An unintentional neglect, I assure you—"

"Do not apologize, I beg," curtsy.

"Have you slept a little?"—ch! seating himself opposite her, after first having secured the door with a key which he invariably carried in his pocket—a key that had barred him from intruders many a time when, with some poor fool in hand, he placed the chairs for a game of cards at the rosewood table.

"No; depend upon it, I have remained awake," answered Christabel.

"Thinking of escape?"

"Perhaps."

"Abandon such thoughts, my queen, Christabel. A rat could not gnaw a hole large enough, here, to squirm its slim skin through."

He grinned like a very hyena.

"Mr. Wynne"—she had finished the meal, and pushed back her chair from the table—"what do you intend doing with me?"

"To keep you here," was the quick reply,

leaning slightly forward to hiss out and emphasize the words, "until you will be glad to accept the conditions upon which I offer you liberty."

"The conditions are?"

"Marriage. You see they are expressed in a single term."

"And you think I will accept? Why, sir, you talk as though you considered me but a child, to weep for liberty upon any terms. Know that I would sooner waste to a shriveled skeleton, in this solitary confinement, than become the companion and idol of an object I now detest so bitterly."

"My companion you cannot avoid being—my idol you already are. Christabel Carlyon," his voice was hoarse—"there is something far worse than my wife, which you may become if you drive this passion of mine into absolute madness."

"The suggestion is insolence—the threat a coward's," facing him steadily.

"Beware!"

"I do not fear you, sir, brute though you may be. You think that I am completely in your power. Undeceive yourself. One touch of your hand upon my person will be the signal for your death."

"What do you mean by that?" sharply.

"You may discover all too soon if you test it."

"By Heaven!" he cried, springing from his seat, "it shall be so. I'll have a kiss from those lips this instant. Ha! you cannot escape me. Come!"

But he paused, with arms outstretched to grasp her, and face reddened by fiery emotions.

Christabel had risen as quickly as he, never flinching, cool and stern. And in her right hand flashed the bright blade of a dagger.

This dagger she poised aloft, all the strength of her body and spirit, for the moment, centered in the muscles that fully meant to deliver the deadly blow.

"Advance, if you dare!" she defied, in accents terribly calm. "Advance, and you shall see how a woman can strike for her honor!"

But it was not so much surprise at her bravery, nor the wholesome dread of a prod from sharp steel in the hands of a wronged and insulted woman, which checked, and, for a second, petrified the high infuriate man.

He had said that Mrs. Boggles had attired the captive in rude and ragged garments; a skirt of shreds and patches, and sleeves of bits and frays—not the rags nor the patches, scant and coarse, detracting from the wearer's remarkable beauty, but, rather, enhancing it, because more carelessly displayed.

That which riveted Wilford Wynne and made him stare, was a sign, a mark upon Christabel's upraised arm, discovered as the tattered sleeve fell back to the shoulder, exposing the fair, pure skin—the device of a cross dripping with blood.

"The devil!" he interjected, inwardly.

"What means that cross? 'Tis the same as what I have seen and wondered at on the arm of Rosalie. What is there between Christabel Carlyon and Rosalie?"

"You have thought better in your madness," observed Christabel.

"No!—I'll have the kiss!" he fairly snarled, recalled to his purpose by the irony of her words.

"Ten thousand daggers would not frighten me, when they barred me from such charms as yours. You are mine, Christabel Carlyon, and now here I'll have you in my arms!"

"Take care!" warned Christabel, her black eyes sparkling like gems of coal.

He heard not, nor heeded. Possessed of devils and the wild fire of his reckless nature, he rushed to fold her in his embrace.

The dagger formed a gleaming circle above his head.

But he paused again. Suddenly there came a rapping and hammering on the door between the apartments, a summons so vehement and peremptory that it distinctly said:

"Come out here, instantly!"

Smothering a curse, he staggered—nearly blind in his insane passion—to the door.

To step out and slide the bolts was the work of a moment. He found himself confronted by Albert Arly.

"Well," he gurgled, "what the deuce brings you here?"

"What were you doing to the girl?" demanded the other, his sharp eyes fixed searchingly on the gambler.

"Taming her," replied Wynne, with a low, silvery emphasis, and exhibiting his white teeth in a smile that would chill the veins of an ordinary beholder.

"Do not forget that she is my daughter, and our compact was that she should not suffer bodily injury."

Wynne looked at him strangely; then gave vent to an indescribable laugh.

"A fine father, to be sure! But there we'll not quarrel. Believe me, I have not laid a finger on her. What brings you here so soon?"

"To tell you that Christabel must be removed to other quarters without delay," explained Arly, in an undertone.

"Why so?"

Arly detailed what had occurred at the detective's office, as recited to him by his father, with the suspicions entertained by the latter, viz: that the young clerk—whose tooth he had broken—possibly had witnessed the closing tableau in the scene of the abduction, and would, undoubtedly, lie on the hounds of the law immediately.

"This rascal of a clerk, thinks my father," concluded Arly, "must have been prowling in the neighborhood when Christabel was brought here. These detectives and their agents, it seems to me, are everywhere. We must move at once, Wynne."

"At once?" echoed the gambler, inquiringly.

"Why, that is out of the question. To move her, she must be drugged. How can we transport a drugged woman in broad daylight, without danger to ourselves? Content yourself until to-night—"

"By that time, our whole plot may be discovered," interrupted Arly, uneasily.

"Don't meet trouble half-way," said Wynne, impatiently. "Ah! here comes my good Mrs. Boggles with breakfast. Won't you take a luncheon with me? she generally brings enough for three men at a meal."

"Sure, an' who wouldn't do everythin' to please you, Mister Wynne, sir," gabbled the maid, setting the tray on the table, and courtesying, awkwardly.

"Another plate, knife and fork, Mrs. Boggles, if you please. Be seated, Arly."

Arly accepted the invitation, by drawing the chair up to the table.

"A little further this way," Wynne pulled the table more to the center of the room.

"You see Mrs. Boggles is aware of my weakness for Madeira, and is 'up' in her business. Try it."

"You have queer lodgings, Wynne," remarked Arly, smiling as he contrasted the cozeness of their immediate surroundings with the general exterior of dirt, neglect and squalor.

"Yes. Well, you know I don't go much on

boarding-houses—too much familiarity, inquiry, etc. My peculiar business, you know, won't afford gossip and the like. Money gives me everything I want, here, and I am let severely alone."

As they seated themselves at the table, which now stood directly opposite the middle door, Wynne chuckled, innocently:

"Now, then, Christabel may have a fine view of my coadjutor in this little plot; for, no doubt, she already has that eye of hers at the key-hole."

And again inwardly, frowning till his brows knit like ugly little serpents: "Confound the luck! if it had not been for the knife, and the device in India ink on her arm—both of which she opened to the muzzles of this fool, her father, I would have had a taste of her delicious lips to sweeten this repast."

He attacked the luncheon vigorously, and Arly imitated his example.

CHAPTER XXI.

DISCOVERIES.

We devote space to an explanation of how Christabel obtained possession of the knife with which she would, in her cool desperation, have stricken Wilford Wynne to his life's core.

For a few minutes after the departure of Wilford Wynne, she remained standing at one side of the apartment, gazing vacantly at the door through which had passed the disagreeable figure of her persecutor.

Notwithstanding what had transpired between them, in conversation, and the evidence of her eyes—which showed her that she was a captive, and apparently at the mercy of Wilford Wynne—she scarcely realized that all had been consummated so adroitly, and that it was, indeed, she, Christabel Carlyon, who so quietly submitted to outrageous insult in the words and actions of the villain who had just left her.

Was she beyond all help? Where was this place?—this prison whose very luxury of comforts would, ere long, become a mockery. No chance for escape? Where were the windows? Better cast herself to a death on the earth below, if at last the alternative was dishonor. Oh, yes; that little D-shaped semblance of a window high in the wall, only serving as a ventilator—this beyond her reach, and too small to squeeze a limb through. The only door was bolted on the inside. She was alone, helpless, but brave.

Then a thought. Advancing to the rosewood table, she opened its drawers. That D-shaped window might be utilized, after all. With pencil and paper, she would, perhaps, be enabled to make known the fact of her imprisonment.

The window, maybe, opened on a street, or a court, or an adjacent yard. To find pencil and paper and write down, on slips, a statement of where she was, relatively, and in whose hands forcibly kept, and cast these slips, at intervals, through the D-shaped window—that was her thought. She hurriedly drew out the drawer—drew out two drawers, for, accidentally, her grip had touched the hidden spring at the side of the first drawer, thus disclosing the existence of the second.

The false drawer came forward half way. In the space of the first drawer were several packs of cards; in the second, two items which attracted her: the naked, glittering blade of a dagger, and a long-folded, legal-looking document, tied and sealed.

With an involuntary curiosity, she grasped up the paper and would have examined it, but just then came the sound of voices in the adjoining room.

She listened. The voices were male and female—that of the former harsh and quick, that of the latter low and tremulous.

Thrusting the paper into her bosom, she was about to close the drawer, but paused to take up the dagger, also.

"It may serve me," she murmured, "in the evil which surrounds this place. Heaven pardon me, if I am compelled to use it."

Secreting the knife about her person, she stepped softly to the door and glanced through the key-hole.

Wilford Wynne was at that moment holding Rosalie rudely by the arm, and she, in that hysterical way—a half-crazed laugh, and voice from a fount of tears—was saying:

"Yes, I am your wife, Will; you know, well enough, when you wedded Rosalie Merle!"

With the utterance of that name, Christabel could not suppress a start, nor could her lips refrain from exclaiming:

"Rosalie Merle!"

Hers was the echoing voice that caused Wilford Wynne to lose his hold upon the girl, and to give that hasty glance around him, which betrayed how nervously guilty was his conscience.

It was not until she heard the name of Rosalie Merle spoken, that Christabel recalled a certain conversation which had taken place between herself and Meggy Merle, in Washington city, whither they had returned, at last, after a flight half-way round the world to escape the "Hawk"—a flight she had detailed to her supposed uncle, and to her father, that very "Hawk," whose appellation it was to be explained in due time.

They were sitting at the window of their room, when Meggy had said:

"There is only one thing, Miss Christabel, that I want you to do for me when you get all the money and estate that is waiting for you. See, we'll go to Baltimore next week, whatever happens. You're old enough now, to take care of yourself, if we meet the 'Hawk,' or anybody else—"

"And still you will not tell me who or what this 'Hawk' is," was Christabel's interruption.

"A man—a man most wicked. More than that I dare not tell." For Meggy Merle had given a promise to conceal from Christabel both the sorrows of her mother and the name and perfidy of her father.

"But you were about to ask a favor, Meggy?"

"Well, my old bones 'll soon be out of the way—for, you see, I'm getting fast down hill in years—and I must tell you what I've never mentioned before, though it's ached me none the less here—laying her hand over her heart. "When I'd been in America some seven or eight years, I married. When you was nine years old, Miss Christabel, God gave us a little babe—a girl. We called it Rosalie. Only a few weeks before I took you to Lochwood, I separated from my husband, for, unfortunately, he was a drunkard. I re-assumed my maiden name, and moved to a house in Dallas street."

"I think I remember the little house," broke in Christabel, thoughtfully.

"Well, the same day we went to Lochwood, my babe was stolen. Up to the time when I fled from Lochwood, taking you with me, your dear mother and myself had failed to hear anything of the lost little one, though she paid the detectives to hunt for it. What I want to ask is that you'll try, as did your mother, to find my child for me. Ah! Miss Christabel, she'd be a fine grown girl by this time."

"Depend upon it, Meggy, there shall be no means left untried."

"Remember," added Meggy, impressively, "her name was Rosalie. On her right arm

there is a cross, the same as is on yours—the difference being that hers is plain. Yours represents a cross dripping with blood; it is the Cross of Carlyon. I pricked it there myself, Miss Christabel, while your mother lay sick in bed, watching. Ah! lack-a-day, but it has meaning enough. 'Tis the sign of a curse that—God knows!—has been too well fulfilled. But it's not for your ears, child—no—don't ask me. Remember my child, my lost Rosalie!"

So many events had transpired in Christabel's life, since the date of Meggy Merle's sudden and violent death, that she had, for the time, quite forgotten this conversation.

No wonder, then, that the name of Rosalie Merle was familiar. There only remained one more item to convince her that this beautiful girl clinging to Wilford Wynne, and calling him "husband," was the child of the woman who had been to her, since her infancy, a mother and faithful guardian.

While all this was flashing through her mind Rosalie went away, and once more—and just as Wynne finished his half-aloud speech—she murmured:

"Rosalie Merle!"

Before another hour elapsed Christabel ascertained the contents of the document she had abstracted from the secret drawer in the rosewood table: a marriage-certificate between Wilford Wynne and Rosalie Merle!

"Poor girl!" she sympathized, mentally, "I see what it means. Tired of her beauty and her love, he has cast her off. If I am ever out of this place, Rosalie Merle, you shall have the weapon to make this brute answer for his guilt."

Despite herself, she yawned. It was a drowsy place, somehow. Ere she knew it, she was sleeping in the large, springy chair—sleeping with every sense alert, as it were, to guard against surprise in whatever shape.

Then came Mrs. Boggles with the breakfast-tray. She delivered Wynne's message and departed, leaving the lamp still burning, for it was ever night in that purposely-darkened room.

After Mrs. Boggles, the interview and its interruption.

Again her eyes sought the key-hole, and she recoiled amazed. Her father stood in the room beyond, and the first words that greeted her listening ears showed her the peculiar intimacy existing between him and Wilford Wynne.

She was, indeed, beset by ruffians, when the man whom she believed to be her father was an ally of the man who had imprisoned, insulted and threatened her.

"Merciful Heaven!" she gasped at last, yielding to a momentary despair, "is there no outlet from this den?" and her glance roamed, in a startled way, vainly searching for some means of escape.

But the idea of pencil and paper did not occur again.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEMESIS AT THE DOOR.

In pursuance with the advice of the gambler, it was decided to wait for darkness before attempting the transportation of Christabel to new quarters, to insure against discovery that would be ruinous to the plot of the three.

The reader may perceive that, despite the well-grounded suspicions of Jack Stoner, and the prompt action of the detective, there were others as keen and prompt, whose leader—Wilford Wynne—was cool of brain, and fertile in expedients.

For Albert Arly had quite naturally asked:

"Where, in the name of sense, are we to take the girl to, anyhow?"

"I believe I am dealing these cards, and it is merely your cut. 'I'll stock 'em nice enough, if you won't spoil 'em. Do you suppose that Mrs. Boggles is the only person whose house I can use? Why, my dear fellow, I have more haunts, in Canton, than any six detectives can visit in a week. I must say, however, that all are not as comfortable as this."

"Any place will do in an emergency."

"That's what I imagine."

The two seated themselves at a game of cards to while away the time.

About five o'clock Mrs. Boggles appeared with another tray for Christabel.

Wynne stopped her at the door, and the two exchanged words too low for Arly to hear.

There was a brief delay; Mrs. Boggles disappeared, returning presently, and was admitted to the prison-room. When she came out, she whispered:

"It'll be all right. Sure, an' she's gulpin' the coffee be the mouthful."

"Good!" muttered Wynne, his eyes glittering viciously.

They resumed the game—only to be interrupted, shortly, by the entrance of Preston Arly.

The diminutive old man came in with a hop and a skip, banging the door after him, and raising on one toe as if about to spin.

"Thunderation! What are you doing here?" he cried, with a squeak, his two rat eyes snapping sparks from under the peak of his skull-cap.

"And 'thunderation' what are you doing here?" questioned the gambler, elevating his brows.

"Why the deuce don't you get out?" exclaimed Arly, Sen., dancing around the two who had stopped their game. "The detectives are after you, sure as shot!"

"Don't tear your shirt," advised Wynne, coolly. "Sit down and take a hand, and we'll tell you all about it."

"Change it to poker," suggested Arly, junior. "The old man likes poker."

Preston Arly dragged forward a chair and set it down with a thump. Then he squirmed into the seat, like an eel over a slippery log—immediately proceeding to deal for poker, while his limbs twisted themselves hither and thither.

Unexpectedly, Wilford Wynne found himself in a game, with his two allies, not laid down in the programme. Nickels and stamps were "potted" and regularly won by the gambler.

But Wynne did not forget another and more important game to be played.

Mrs. Boggles came in, like a clumsy ghost, lighted the lamps and vanished.

When the street without was dark, Wynne arose from the table, pocketing fifty dollars or so.

"Come, gentlemen, it is time for work." He moved toward the middle door and slid back the bolts.

"Eh?" whispered Arly, Sen., with a glance of inquiry, "what does he mean by work? Work what?"

"To remove Christabel, I presume."

Wynne beckoned them forward, with a silent admonition to be quiet.

NEVER MARRY A MAN WHEN HE'S BROKE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Wisdom is oft to be found
In wise men as well as in fools,
And advice, like mushrooms, will come up
Sometimes in spite of all rules.
So I pause in my dinner to say
The very best truth ever spoke,
If you think you must marry at all,
Never marry a man when he's broke.

When you marry you marry for life—
Unless you can get a divorce,
The direction of marriage oft takes
In spite of all things, a rough course.
The wrong oak may bear up the vine,
But the time will not bear up the oak,
So remember this whisper of mine—
Never marry a man when he's broke.

You may dine upon love but you'll find
That at night you will sup upon grief,
You will see that your supper is long
And the time will not bear up the oak,
While your dinner may be very brief—
Money will buy what love can't.
A though the philosopher croak;
So you better go visit your aunt
Than to marry a man that is broke.

A man may be broken in health,
A man may be broken in hope,
But a man who is broken in wealth
Has got to the end of his rope.
His affections may be above par
But poverty is apt to provoke,
There is always something in gold—
Never marry a man who is broke.

A young man may pay his respects,
But that's about all he can pay,
House furniture can be for the cash,
Though love runs on interest a way.
I say, though you never may heed
This truth which to swallow may choke,
Contentment depends upon peace—
Never marry a man when he's broke.

True love is said to be long,
But not when the money is short;
Affection a pleasure may be,
But adversity never is sport.
A heart full of feeling is fine,
But a purse full of nothing's no joke;
So remember this maxim of mine—
Never marry a man when he's broke.

A Ball-Room's Lesson.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Oh! Isn't it beautiful!"

Nellie D'Arcy's lovely blue eyes were eloquent with the admiration her pretty lips but faintly expressed, as she stood several paces away from the magnificent ball toilet that lay on the sofa in the parlor of Mrs. De Lawry's dressmaking establishment, and her smooth, round cheeks flushed as radiantly as the hue of the silk dress itself.

It certainly was beautiful, perfect, faultless, from the tint itself, a rare, delicate rose pink, that shaded into creamy salmon, and that suggested mother of pearl, or the inside of a sea-shell, to the foamy creamy laces that lay like still billows on the long-trailing skirt, and low, exquisite eroge. Long, trailing sprays of creamy pink blossoms were loved among the lace, and tiny bouquets were nestled here and there in charming, natural gracefulness.

It was no wonder that Nellie D'Arcy's blue eyes darkened, and her peachy cheeks deepened their charming bloom—more fastidious eyes than hers, and less keen tastes had admired, and would admire, in dainty, fashionable terms, this exquisite dress that Maude Tamworth was to wear to the Naval Reception, that self same night; and little Nellie, fresh from the country village that had always been her home until six months ago, when, through the village dressmaker's influence, she had secured a position in Mrs. De Lawry's great establishment—little violet-eyed Nellie, with her jet-black hair that waved from the broad white parting far more perfectly than Miss Tamworth's when released from the clutch of crimping-pins—Nellie, with her foolish, girlish heart, looked at Miss Tamworth's dress with her dimpled hands clasped in a little silent ecstasy and thought—if Mr. Arch Grosvenor loved her so well in her simple gray serge, or her black cashmere, how very much better he would love her in such a dress as that—her very own color exactly—the very shade of pink she always wore when she bought her simple little ties!

Mr. Arch Grosvenor! Her heart bounded at the thought of her handsome, aristocratic lover, with his proud head that he carried so haughtily, short, half-curling blonde hair and all! His heavy, drooping mustache and side-whiskers, that of such a sweet shade of golden amber, that he loved to caress with his white, slender hand—the high-brad looking hand, with long fingers and almond nails, and the one cameo ring on the little finger, carved with the coat of arms of the Grosvenor family.

So handsome—every one knew that; so aristocratic—every one knew that; so rich and stylish, coming in his carriage, with a footman and coachman in steel-blue livery, and horses with gold-plated harness—horses black as ebony, with always a shower of snow-white foam over their breasts; with always such high-stepping paces, and proud-tossing heads, that many a time, when Mr. Grosvenor had driven up to Mrs. De Lawry's doors with some stylish lady, or other, Nellie had been so afraid those big, restless horses would dash away and kill him—her very own darling!

For, that was what he was—her very own darling! He had told her he loved her better than anybody in all the world; told her, when once or twice he had persuaded her to take a drive to the Park with him, that her eyes were the brightest, her face the prettiest—and once—only once when she had permitted him to kiss her—how her heart throbbed at memory of that close-folding in his arms—once, he had said her lips were the very sweetest in all the wide world. And he had told her such marvelous stories of the world he lived in—the world of fashion and pleasure and elegance, and asked her how she would like to live among such sweetness.

It had been the one, the first happiness of Nellie D'Arcy's life—Arch Grosvenor's love, and, as she laid her hand almost adoringly on the dress Maude Tamworth was to wear to the reception where Mr. Grosvenor would be, Miss Tamworth and Mrs. De Lawry opened the door, and surprised the girl's happy, radiant eyes.

Miss Tamworth laughed softly.

"Child, you remind me of a devotee at the shrine of her saint. Is it possible that a handsome dress can excite such perfect happiness as I saw on your face?"

Miss Tamworth had a low, sweet voice—and Mrs. De Lawry echoed her best customer's words in tones almost as sweet and kind. Nellie lowered her head drooping, to hide the pink surges that were more to be credited to thoughts of Mr. Arch Grosvenor than even to this perfect dream of beauty, Miss Tamworth's dress.

"I was thinking how happy one must be to be able to wear such dresses—to be beautiful, like you, Miss Tamworth, and go to balls and parties, and everywhere!"

Nellie looked half-shyly at the girl, scarcely five years older than herself, but with such uneasy littleness in her dark-circled eyes.

"Happy! Madame, only hear the child talk!

Miss D'Arcy, would you be happy if you could go to balls—this ball, for instance, and promenade, and dance, and flirt?"

Nellie's eyes opened wonderingly, it was just a little odd to hear proud Miss Tamworth talking so familiarly with her—only a dressmaker's apprentice!

"Would it make her happy? She thought of Arch Grosvenor, and a perfect flood of glory illuminated her features that Mrs. De Lawry saw and smiled, a little smugly, at that Miss Tamworth saw, and smiled at half-sneeringly, half-pityingly.

"You pretty, foolish child—I would give a year off my life to enjoy the sensation you will enjoy! Miss D'Arcy, people say I'm eccentric, and you may think I am crazy—but I'm going to take you to the reception with me to-night! Madame, I will send my apple-green tulle dress around to you in an hour or so, and I want you to fix it over for Miss D'Arcy, with silver tissue, and those delicious sprays of silver velvet and white marguerites. I'll send my maid here at nine o'clock to dress her hair, Miss D'Arcy—am I crazy?"

Her pretty eyes peered into Nellie's bewildered face, over which a succession of expressions were passing.

"Miss Tamworth, you are an angel! Oh, it will be a glimpse of heaven!"

"I think not," she returned, dryly, and then went languidly away, leaving Nellie in a state of excitement that made her eyes like twin stars.

Gleaming lights, shining like diamonds through crystal globes; waving silken flags, festoons of brilliant evergreens, masses of blooming flowers, the tinkle and fragrance of a perfumed fountain, the glitter of jewels and rustle of silks, the music of the brass band, the rhythmic fall of hundreds of feet in the joyous galop.

Nellie D'Arcy was all a-quiver with the fairy-like enchantment of the scene, as, fair as a lily in her dainty gossamer robes, she sat in the Tamworth box, perfectly content to look on and enjoy.

More than one pair of masculine eyes had wandered in the direction of her flushed, eager face and shining violet eyes, that did not note the admiration she was receiving—eyes that had but one duty to perform—to seek from among that throng of handsome men the handsomest, the best, the one she loved, the one—oh, joy! oh, bliss—who loved her better than any of those beautiful women who seemed to Nellie like fairy dreams.

Through all the ceaselessly-changing scenes on the floor Nellie's bright eyes kept watch—and at length Arch Grosvenor went whirling by the box where she sat, so near the curtains that she might have touched the silvery-blue silk sleeve of the lady who walked on his arm—a tall, magnificent woman, with diamonds and pearls in her puffed, flowy, yellow-gold hair.

Nellie's heart fairly stopped its tumultuous beats for a second—with pure, perfect joy as the sight of the lover who had not gladdened her eyes for nearly a month, but who, the very last time he had seen her, had looked down in her eyes with such passionate ardor, and told her that she was dearest, sweetest, best of all.

Then, a little smile crept across her lips as she watched the two—that beautiful woman and Arch Grosvenor—a sorrowing pity for the lady who did not know that her handsome escort was her own—her very, very own lover!

There never came the first pang of envy or jealousy in Nellie's heart—nothing but rapturous, ecstatic happiness and pride in her handsome lover, that nobody knew was her lover. Would he see her, would he recognize her, would he admire her? And she followed him with that magnetic earnestness of gaze that could return Arch Grosvenor turned his handsome head toward her, a little puzzled, a trifle wonderingly, and then—smiled and bowed to the beautiful girl, to the envy of many another gentleman.

Fifteen minutes later he was at her side—handsome, oh, so godlike in his commanding beauty of face and form.

"Little Nellie D'Arcy! Is it possible, or only some tantalizing mistake? It is actually you, in Maude Tamworth's box, and looking the sweetest of any lady in the room! Tell me all about it, dear!"

Her radiant, adoring eyes were on his face, and he drew her further back into the shadows of the crimson silk curtains, while she breathlessly, half-shyly told him "all about it."

He was leaning back in his chair gracefully, while Nellie talked, but with a curious, half-puzzled expression on his face, all pleasantly interested, as it was—an expression that deepened when Nellie laid her pale-pink kidded hand on his sleeve—with a charming little air of half-shyness, half-tenderness.

"Now, Mr. Grosvenor, please tell me 'all about it'—all about the elegant lady who danced the 'Beautiful Blue Danube' waltz with you—the lady in blue and pearls and diamonds."

Mr. Grosvenor's forehead puckered into a little frown.

"Never mind the lady in blue, Nellie. Do you waltz?"

"Oh, I wish I did!"

Her dewy violet eyes told so plainly all she meant that Mr. Grosvenor smiled.

"You little flatterer! I shall have to leave you, then, for I am engaged for the lancers, and I see they are forming. Good-night, darling! Remember, I love you best of all!"

Somehow—it seemed strange, with such passionate words ringing in her ears—but, somehow, her heart sunk as Mr. Grosvenor's back turned on her, and he threaded hastily through the crowd after his partner, but Miss Tamworth entering the box on a gentleman's arm that minute dispelled the curious pain that had gathered at her heart.

Miss Tamworth dismissed her cavalier, and took her seat by Nellie, where they could watch the dancers.

"It is plainly to be seen you are enjoying yourself, child. What a pity you don't dance! Mr. Grosvenor told me he called on you and you declined a waltz."

Nellie's heart bounded with sudden bliss again. Had her lover been brave and loving enough to admit that?

Miss Tamworth went on, carelessly, listlessly, watching the dancers the while:

"I did not know you knew Mr. Grosvenor, and I told him so, but he said he had seen you often at Dr. Lawry's. Child, what are you blushing for! Nellie! Arch Grosvenor hasn't been turning your head?"

Nellie felt her head dizzying at the thrust that went so close home, and to the vivid flushes succeeded a pallor of consciousness.

"Nellie, poor child didn't tell you it wasn't a glimpse of Heaven you'd have! Nellie, Mr. Grosvenor has been married nearly six weeks to that handsome blonde in blue brocade and diamonds and pearls!"

The girl's eyes dilated in sudden horror; her cheeks turned so ashen pale that Miss Tamworth sprang up in alarm.

"Married! married! and he spoke such

words to me! Oh, let me go away—Miss Tamworth, I never, never can wait to get away from this awful place!"

She did not faint, or scream; she only gasped out the words with blanched lips and wild eyes; but on her young face came an agony that all the after years would be powerless to erase, though they might soften it—the deathless anguish of a betrayed woman's only love.

A Girl's Faith.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

The rain-washed scene was desolate as one might care to see. The road was muddy, the turf sodden, the budding branches dripping, the river running a turbid, boisterous stream, white-flocked all over its swollen breadth, with bits of floating debris here and there still borne along.

The storm of the previous night was a slow drizzle under the gray morning sky, and the only moving figure abroad was a woman.

She was walking toward a high point of the bank, and when she had reached it stood there, her gaze searching the watery expanse. It was Edith Gilmore—the noted Miss Gilmore of metropolitan circles far removed from that sleepy countryside to which she had come at that most unusual of seasons, the earliest springtime.

She had come there to settle a point in her own mind, and found the novel experience interesting. The point was not settled yet, three weeks after her arrival; the seal not set in her thoughts upon her future fate; and it was the furthest thing possible from her expectations that anything should occur upon that dismal morning to influence her ultimate decision.

She did not even turn her head as the snish-sneak of a horse's tread approached over the yielding road.

"Excuse me, madam. Is not the bridge below here?"

She turned and looked then at the rider who had drawn up a few paces distant. She was sensitive to first impressions, and the face of this man had an attraction for her. It was not handsome; far from that, but strong and resolute—a face which once seen is not easily forgotten—the face of one who has a purpose in life and the power to attain it though great obstacles stand in the way—a face which was the index of a character which Miss Gilmore could appreciate.

"The bridge has been swept away, as you may see," she answered.

His brows knit in a reflective frown, and he stroked the neck of his steed with one hand as he spoke, more to himself than her.

"Could I ford it, I wonder? Colin, old fellow, could you take me through? I would try it were I sure of the horse. I must try it!"

"I would advise you not to. That is, unless your errand to the other side is nothing short of life or death. I belong over there myself, but I could not hire any one to take me across in a boat this morning, nor do I wonder since I have seen."

He had been scanning the rushing waters, but now gave her an observant glance for the first. There were those who said Miss Gilmore made a picture in a ballroom; she moved as one apart, not of the throng, and she lost nothing of the illusions which gossamer and dream will throw about even a plain woman, shrouded in waterproof and stationed on a spot which was not picturesque, a bright glow which her walk had sent there in her cheeks, her stately beauty warmed to life as it were, and the hauteur which repelled many not apparent in this wayside encounter.

"My errand is not life or death, but an earnest of good advice," he answered. "Should I not risk as much to preserve it?"

"A question each one must answer for himself," she said, earnestly. "For my own part, I am content to abide by the law which does not require impossibilities."

The gentleman was apparently an easy convert to her views. He dismounted and walked by her side back to the farm-house where, being caught out in the rain on the previous evening, Miss Gilmore had taken refuge. The hospitable portal opened readily to one more, and the dull day looking in at the windows of the stiff, plain "front room," where there were no books, no pictures, no music, no anything to help while away the time of waiting, lit up a couple who were not bored by each other's society.

During the day the waters subsided, and just at dusk Miss Gilmore stood wrapped ready for departure. Her companion gave her his arm down to the river-bank, but remained on the shore after seeing her safely in her place in the boat.

"Are you not coming?" she asked.

"No; Colin and I will be able to cross together by to-morrow, I think. He has gone lame, poor brute! from the hard riding this morning. My fault, for which I shall atone by making my patience keep pace with his comfort. Good-night, Miss Gilmore."

"Good-by, Mr. Hill!"

A casual meeting and a careless parting, the commonest of daily incidents, but Edith was remembering half sadly how the footsteps come and go, the voices are heard, the looks are given, which one and all are woven into the web of life, and cast their influence through it.

The same thought was in her mind next morning, as she sat listlessly watching Mellice dusting and polishing the mirrors with an old silk handkerchief, singing softly at her work—Mellice, a little, dark busy-bee of a maid, with not an idle moment from morning till night in the village boarding-house which her mother kept.

"I wonder you don't grow to hate that drudgery," Miss Gilmore said, abruptly.

"Blame you, this isn't drudgery," laughed Mellice. "What would you call bed-making and mopping, potato-peeling and pie-baking? There is enough of that sort to make this seem like play."

"You don't mean to say that you like to do them?"

"I had to learn to do them all, and that makes a difference in the liking. What would I do in a house of my own if I did not know?"

"So you are expecting to have a house of your own?" said Miss Gilmore, amused. "What a sly little puss not to have betrayed your secret to me sooner! When is it to be, Mellice?"

"Soon," acknowledged with a blush. "I don't mind telling you, Miss Edith, I am looking for Hugh to-day, and I have not seen him for five years."

"And you have kept your heart for him all that time? He is a paragon beyond all the men I have ever known if he deserves your faith, little Mellice."

"Of course he deserves it," with an indignant flash. "He has been working while I have been waiting. Hugh is smart and will be a great man some day, but he promised to come back and marry me as soon as he got a start, and—he is coming."

There was a slight, scornful smile on Miss

Gilmore's face at the girl's credulity, and a touch of envy within her of that simple faith. She turned toward a window, and a low-breathed "Ah" passed her lips. Colin stood before the house, his bridle thrown over the gatepost.

Had Colin's master the boldness to seek her out on the slight warrant of their intercourse yesterday? Strange to say, Miss Gilmore was not angry at the thought.

The door opened, and Mellice's mother looked in and called her.

"Yes," she said, answering her daughter's look. "Hugh has come."

Could the walls have changed to transparencies for Miss Gilmore's vision, as in the old tales, she would have witnessed a very quiet reunion of the lovers separated for five years.

"You kept your belief in me," said Hugh Hill, holding the little hand in his and looking into the shy, drooping face. "And yet I broke my word. I promised by my truth to you to be here yesterday."

"I could not doubt your truth," said Mellice, gravely. "Don't you suppose I know you, Hugh? You remember I told you when you made that promise, we could not know five years ahead what might happen. How silly if I had lost my belief because the storm detained you! It is enough that you are here now."

"Oh, tender and true little maid!" was all his answer.

"You must come and let me introduce you to our boarder," Mellice broke the silence which followed. "A lady boarder! Mother doesn't often take them, they are so much more trouble than men. Miss Gilmore isn't, though. I'm sorry she only intends staying one week more. I am sure you will like her."

That was the way by which the mutual liking was renewed. Mr. Hill was much at the house, Mellice had her hands doubly full with the modest trousseau that was preparing, and there were long mornings which the other two passed together, sometimes indoors, more frequently out. Miss Gilmore's week lengthened in those daily walks the little bride-expectant never dreamed.

The wedding-day was near at hand when Edith came in from one of them, and abruptly announced her departure upon the morrow.

"I have had a letter calling me home," she explained. Truth, truly. The time had come for her decision, and she had very nearly made up her mind.

Nearly, but not quite. In the midst of her packing she called Mellice to her. Dreams of lustrous silk were thrown carelessly over the chairs, drifts of fine linen and billowy laces here and there; a jewel-box stood open, and scattered upon the table were milk-white pearls, gleaming sapphires, rubies and diamonds with their scintillating lights.

"Look, Mellice! You are not a woman if you would not like to own these things. Give up your silly dreams and go home with me, and you shall have them all. No man's love will ever pay you for renouncing such a chance."

Mellice had heard her scoff at love and fidelity before this, had heard her tempting offers, but now as before the girl was firm.

"I hope, through knowing true love, you may yet learn your mistake, Miss Gilmore. For me, I would not change places with a queen."

"You would not?" Covert mockery breaking through the tone. "Well, then, pick out a wedding-gift for yourself from among this trash. Whatever you like best."

A gleam came into the eyes of the girl as she rested on the improvised lights of the jewels, but it faded quickly and she shook her head.

"Thank you as much as if I took them, but there is nothing here that would suit a poor man's wife."

"Always planning for that sphere," cried Miss Gilmore, impatiently. "Did it never occur to you what a vast difference there is between you and that man, poor though he be? He has seen the world, he is cultured, he is entering upon a brilliant career. If he held to the promise given while he was yet unformed, do you not fear the time may come when he will regret? He will not remain poor and obscure always."

"Miss Gilmore, I know that I am better suited to Hugh than any one else could be. I would not blame him if he did not see it so clearly as I do. He might do better in one sense. I am not pretty or learned, but I love him with all my heart, and I will always be a helper to him. He has set his mind on being great, and nothing else, not even love, would stand long between him and his ambition. If he married a wife who was beautiful and talented and rich, all those things would not repay him when she came to be a hindrance, for one of that kind would not find out his wants and minister to them and never put an exaction on him as I should do. How could you think any temptation could make me false to him?"

"And you believe he would resist like temptation for your sake?"

"I know it," said Mellice, simply. Then, after a pause: "He is down-stairs now waiting to say good-by to you, Miss Gilmore."

To say good-by! Oh, foolish, credulous Mellice!

Edith went down to him, a crimson flame burning in either cheek. She recoiled as he came toward her, his arms outstretched, a passion and pleading in his eyes different from any look he had ever given the girl who believed in him utterly.

"Stop!" she said. "I recall my promise, Hugh; we cannot do this thing. I cannot destroy faith like hers; you shall not. Perhaps she is right. Oh, say nothing! You cannot break my resolve. Good-by—forever!"

She went back to the city and said "Yes" to Moneybags next day—plodding Moneybags, who had waited so patiently for her return and his answer.

And did Mellice never know? Well, in any event, she never gave a sign.

How I Got to Denver.

BY F. X. HALIFAX.

My full and correct name is James L. K. Miller—the L. K. stands for Lucius Keller, an uncle of mine on my mother's side, and a very nice man by the way; my profession is nothing in particular, and I have probably experienced more trouble than any other man in America.

I give you the following as a taste of the whole cake, a mere bit to show you the nature of the cloth, a chip out of the saw-log.

A few years ago, when the Pacific Railroad was a new thing, I happened to be at a place then called Mud-eat Station, on the above mentioned road, one hundred and forty miles from Denver, and with the biggest kind of a scrape on my hands.

Now, when I tell you that it was eleven

o'clock at night, that I had a positive and important engagement at Denver in the morning, that the train would be due in half an hour, and that I did not have a single cent in my pocket, the delicacy of my situation will be seen at once.

Not taken the least aback, however, by the somber aspect of affairs, I sat by the sickly light of a sputtering candle in the waiting-room, diligently reading Albert W. Aiken's wonderful story of the Man From Texas. In the midst of the dazzling sentences, however, now and then a sense of my situation would rush over my mind; then disappear, as some new feature of the story would call for increased interest.

I had just reached the point where the K. Klux came upon Mr. Texas in the plantation store-room, from whose hands he is saved by the lady commander of the colored troops, who "fought nobly," when the train dashed up.

I carefully marked my place, and sauntered out to see what would turn up. I thought of getting on the tender and beating my way, but that was beneath my dignity; then I tried to screw up the belief that a ride on the "cow-catcher" would be romantic and just the thing. But it wouldn't do. Blood will tell, and I felt at once that even that would be a blot on my honorable name—a name rendered famous by Joaquin Miller, the poet, Pete Miller, the eminent poker-player of Tanglefoot valley, like Miller, the noted saloonist of Fat Squaw City, and by your humble servant, the in nowise less famous J. L. K. Miller, the man of many troubles and the hero of this adventure.

I paused!

I knew not a single soul to whom I could apply for a loan; and had not even a watch or revolver on which to obtain the sum requisite to carry me to Denver.

I was in trouble—that is, you would have been in trouble; but I, being used to dilemmas of this nature, felt myself fully equal to the occasion.

Time flew. I had but five minutes left, and not a step further out of the difficulty than I was an hour before. I nerved myself up to the crisis. I walked back to the restaurant and looked in. A dozen men—some of them railroad employees—were seated around the tables eating like wolves.

I turned and went back toward the train. I looked in at a window in one of the cars and saw my victim. I knew he was my victim, for I felt it in my bones; yet I didn't know what I was going to do to him, but I had a presentiment, I may call it, that he was the man to help me out of my difficulty. I knew him well, although I felt certain that he did not know me. He was a noted preacher of Denver; and I knew at once that he was not what the Western men term a "fly man"—that is, a man with a full knowledge of the world-of its "ways that are dark and its tricks that are vain."

Still musing over the difficulty, I walked back to the restaurant again. I saw a brakeman's cap, with a flashy gilt band, lying on the window-sill.

I had it.

I mean the plan. I realized that the train would start in a couple of minutes; already the engine was hissing and sputtering, as if anxious to be off.

I knew it was a golden opportunity; and I seized it. Yes, I seized both the opportunity and the cap. I knew the reverend gentleman was short sighted. I slipped my hat under my coat, placed the cap on my head, seized a lantern and sprang for the car. I rushed frantically in and shouted: "Ticket!" The old gentleman was reading a book; he looked round, pushed his spectacles a little higher on his nose, and exclaimed:

"Dear me! I had quite forgotten."

Then he handed me his ticket, which I coolly pocketed, and was moving away when the old gentleman said:

"This is a new rule, to take tickets at starting, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, touching my cap; "only just come in force, sir."

"Oh!" he said, coughed, and began reading his book again; and I hurried on through the car.

Rushing out to the restaurant, I hurriedly deposited the cap and lantern, then called for a cup of coffee and a biscuit and began eating voraciously. The train-men arose and went out, the bell for starting rung, and the conductor bawled out:

"All aboard!"

I dashed down the cup of coffee, feigned sudden sickness, and rushed out on the platform. I sprang for the train, and was just in time to swing myself on board. I found myself in the car with my victim; and my first point was to see if he recognized me. With this object, I took a seat near him and began a conversation. To my remarks he would reply blandly, and with a look on his face of such perfect innocence that I felt satisfied that I was unrecognized.

We talked, and then subsided into silence; then talked again, then again were silent.

Suddenly the door opened and the conductor came in. He was a new man on this part of the line, and I saw at once a strange resemblance to myself.

"Tickets, gentlemen."

I gave him mine; but the clergyman looked him blandly in the face, and said:

"It's all right; I gave my ticket to you before we started, you know."

The conductor looked surprised, and a cloud gathered on his brow, but he quietly remarked:

"You are mistaken, my friend; ticket! and hurry up, please."

"I tell you I have no ticket; I gave it up."

"Money, then."

Slowly, and with the air of one deeply injured, the clergyman drew forth his pocket-book and counted out the fare.

"There," said he, "I hope you are satisfied; you have ticket and money both."

"It's all right," said the conductor, coolly, and went on with a look on his face that said as plain as words, "this road won't stand dead-beats."

"A nice chance for a legal difficulty," I remarked to the preacher, after we were left alone.

"Yes," said he; "and I'll see about it, too—see if I don't."

We reached Denver safely, and of course I sent the amount to the reverend gentleman the next day.

I have had a great many scrapes in my life; but you know the pitcher that goes to the well too often will break at last, and I shudder; but every day brings a new difficulty.

"Pears to me you've got a putty slim fire, Mirandy," said a spinning youth the other night, as he sat in front of the fire-place by the side of a burly young lady, who had no earthly use for him. "Yes," she said, as she wickedly looked at the floor behind him, "it's about all you and the fire can do between you to get up a respectable shadow."